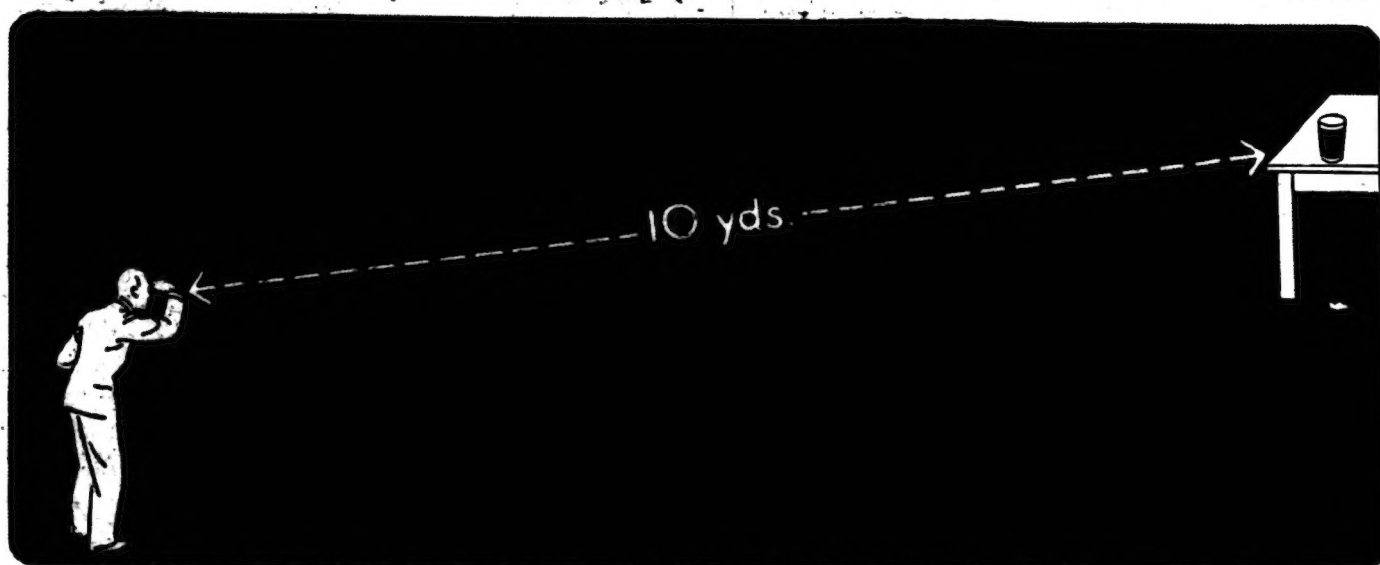


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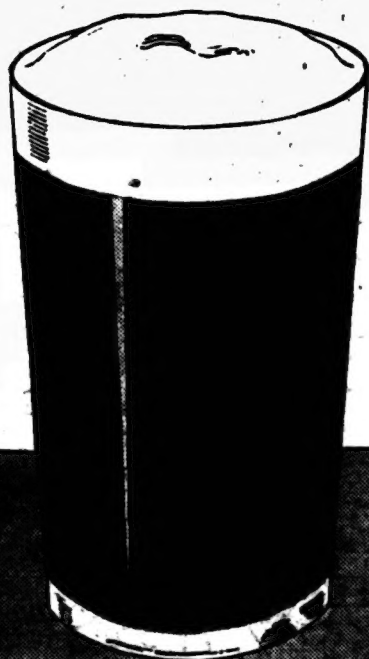
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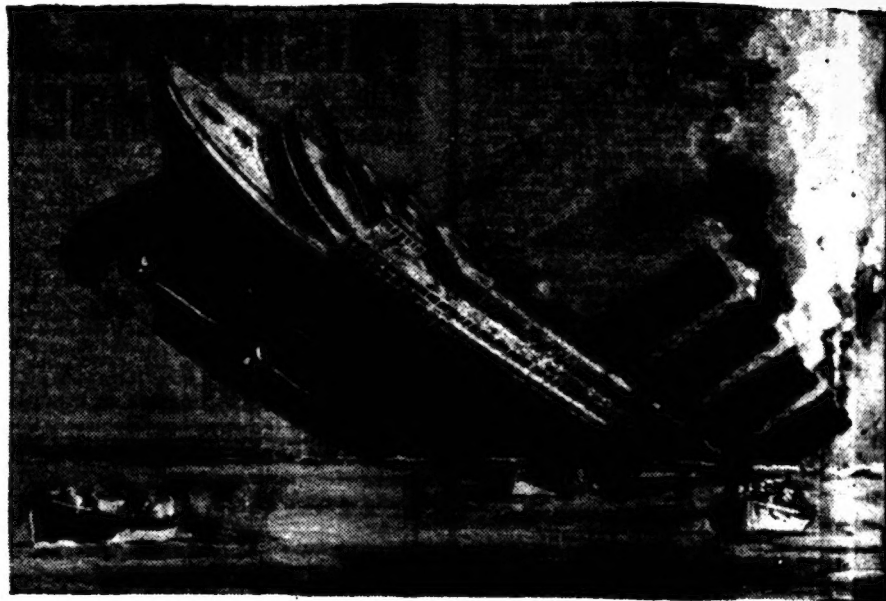
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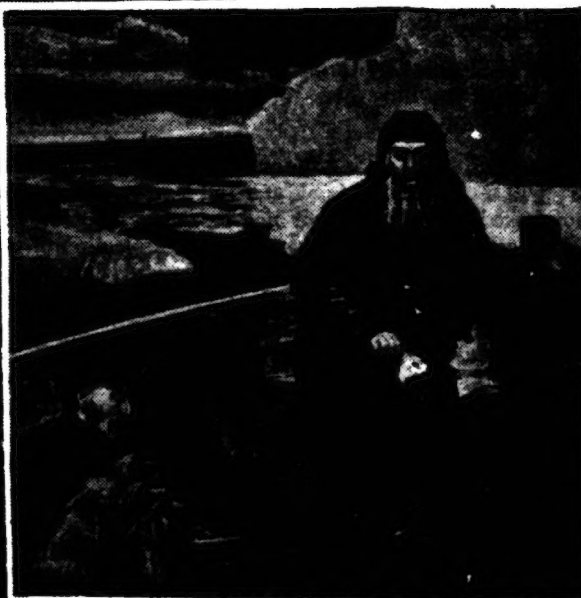
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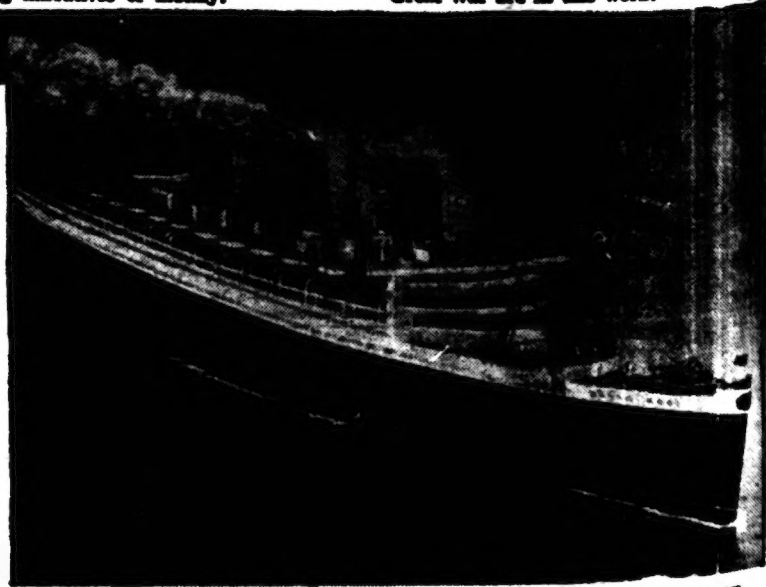
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R.J. 101



DEARER BREAD CRIME

B RITAIN is already set for a dearer winter. The compass has been weighted and swung in the direction they want it by food gamblers and price manipulators.

They have begun with wheat, flour and bread. That is always the starting-point of every dearer food ramp. When corn prices are sent rocketing, the cost of the farmer's feeding stuffs also bounds upwards, and with it, of course, the price of his other produce.

On this occasion wheat and bread prices are being sent soaring by methods more sinister and unscrupulous than have been known for a generation. Panic about a supposed impending disaster to the world's wheat supply has been let loose in a manner that even the scaremongering gamblers of old would not have dared to emulate.

If the public were as credulous and unsophisticated as it is supposed to be, it would believe from the alarms of the last few days that Britain, as the chief wheat-importing country, is in for nothing less than something like a repetition of the "hungry 'Forties."

It is all completely false. The housewife is being robbed in a bout of wild and frenzied gambling with the most important foodstuff. She will be robbed still worse in the coming months. The wicked plot is only in its earliest stages. The big and easy profits they have already raked in during the last few weeks have made the speculators and professional alarmists hungrier still.

★ ★ ★

F OR six years the food racketeers have been in a back seat. The harvest everywhere was so bounteous in that time that opportunity for great plunder was denied them. Now they have leaped wolfishly at the first chance of making up for their lean years by one tremendous coup at the public's expense.

In Chicago, New York, Minneapolis, Winnipeg and Liverpool they are daily shouting up the price of bread in one of the greatest speculative drives of this century.

In Britain, generally, the first result has already been a penny rise in the price of the quarter loaf. If the people do not awaken quickly to the truth, they will be exploited still more mercilessly in the winter months.

An extra penny a loaf may seem nothing to the financiers, the millionaires and the would-be millionaires who are concerned in this vast fraud. But it means at least two shillings a week more in the cost of food to countless working-class families who must consume three or four loaves a day because they cannot afford much else but bread and margarine as the staple article of each meal.

Worst hit of all are the masses already below

the poverty line—the families whose income is not more than £2 per week, and the workless legion whose only income is unemployment pay or public assistance. To all of these bread is still the staff of life. It comprises 50 per cent. of their dietary.

To them two shillings a week is utter ruin. And before long, if the gambling goes on unchecked, it will be four shillings a week extra—either that or they will have to do without the food on which they have been able to depend during the six years that corn has been plentiful.

Drought on one side of the world and deluge on the other will certainly reduce the wheat crop this year. But it is still a good crop, more than sufficient for the world's demands.

The reports that have been circulated every day for weeks past that the wheat belts of Canada and the U.S.A. have been turned into dust-driven deserts, and that the wheatlands of Europe lie sodden and pest-ridden, are the sheerest nonsense.

Without the gambling and the false panic

"Lifting the Loaf" is a crime—not a game"



there would be no increase at all in the price of bread. It has been far too high in the years of plenty, and, even in this period of comparative shortage, it could be reduced with ample profit to grower, miller and baker.

Most monstrous, however, of all the evil propaganda is the assumption that there is to be any shortage whatever. The determining factor must be the Australian and Argentine crops, which are not reaped until December. If these prove to be up to average—and there is every reason to believe that they will—there cannot be the slightest shortage and, in any case, there will be far more abundant supplies than the world had ever known until five years ago.

It is because Great Britain is dependent for nearly 90 per cent. of its wheat supplies from abroad that the price of the loaf in this country is more at the mercy of speculators and market manipulators than anywhere else.

★ ★ ★

C AN the British Government do anything to check the gambling with the daily bread of the people? It can—if it has the will. But so far it has kow-towed to the home speculators, and has looked on complacently while every attempt to regulate the supply of wheat has been deliberately smashed by the financiers.

Hitler and Mussolini have been derided in this country because, during the six years of glut, they have stored huge quantities of corn as part of their policies of economic self-sufficiency in emergency caused by war or Nature.

The authorities in Britain could have done likewise, but because that would mean a conflict with wealthy gamblers and financiers, they did nothing.

Only last year unprecedented quantities of surplus wheat could have been obtained by this country from Canada for storage. Behind the scenes, the gamblers stifled the negotiations at birth. The corn had to be burned instead as fuel for locomotives, while Britain remains with no more than ten weeks' supply in reserve at its ports.

★ ★ ★

I F the Government does not believe in large-scale storage during bountiful years, it has open to it still another method of easing the price of the people's bread.

The only food production subsidy which has been anything like successful in this country has been the guarantee to farmers for the past five years of ten shillings per hundred-weight for home-grown wheat up to a maximum of 6,000,000 quarters. It has already raised the home yield by more than 30 per cent.

If the limit eligible for the subsidy were raised to 9,000,000 quarters, not only could our farmers produce that quantity, but the country would be provided with a sufficient minimum for bread and animal fodder supplies during any national emergency.

And the British housewife would no longer be the easiest and worst victim in the clutches of the gamblers and panic-mongers

"Temporary" Torture for the 18-Years Disabled

No Olympiad Tears, Please! Better Out of the Blood-Bath

EIGHTEEN years since the Great War ended! Time, you would think, for the Ministry of Pensions to have made up its mind about the large number of disabled ex-Servicemen who still receive only temporary

pensions. Clearly an injury or illness which persists for all that time cannot be considered as temporary.

Yet many disabled men are still compelled to attend medical boards to see if their "temporary" afflictions have disappeared. Some must make quite long journeys for the purpose.

Sad army

Surely, you will think, men whose wounds are still open and will never close, or whose nervous systems are shattered by shell-shock or other horrors, are not among these "temporary" pensioners?

But they are. Despite all the medical examinations they have endured in the past, their permanent degree of disablement is not yet assessed!

Worry

Now, we may claim a special interest in the matter. JOHN BULL has always been the ex-Serviceman's champion, and our Pensions Expert deals with thousands of enquiries every year.

Some of these letters, naturally, deal with this particular point. They show that the uncertain nature of the pension is a real grievance and anxiety.

In the case of a man suffering from nervous disorder, we need hardly tell you, worry is the worst burden that can be imposed upon him.

Making them worse

We are assured by the distinguished medical specialists of the Ex-Services Welfare Society (which does invaluable work for men suffering from severe neurasthenia and mental breakdown) that "the uncertainty of the pension position very frequently aggravates the pensioner's condition."

And who can be surprised at that?

Plain duty

So no one, we think, will accuse us of impatience in demanding that all war disability pensions should be stabilised without delay.

But they should not be made irrevocably final—for we know the Ministry's ideas about "final" allowances.

It should always be possible for a man not drawing a full pension to obtain an increase if his condition becomes appreciably worse, as may happen in the case of a man suffering from tuberculosis or nervous disease.

His job

Certainly there can be no justification for continuing the present system of temporary allowances now that the War is so far distant.

Its abolition should be the first task of the new Minister of Pensions, Mr. Herwald Ramsbotham. Such a step, incidentally, might be expected to decrease in time the administration expenses of his Department.

That, at least, should appeal to Whitehall.

Talk is cheap

Sir Kingsley Wood still talks about a scheme to supply cheap milk for mothers. Meanwhile, the Lancashire medical officer of health reports that



Eighteen years a war wreck . . . but still he must face the medical board to get his "temporary" pension

one in ten of mothers in his county is underfed. Also, 1,000 more babies have died this year than last.

Don't talk much longer, Sir Kingsley!

Now you know

There is to be no ban against profiteering on seats for the Coronation.

Mr. Creech Jones, M.P., wants Sir John Simon to prevent exploitation of the public. The Home Secretary's answer is "No."

No pirating

More helpful, we are glad to note, is the Residential Hotels Association. When its members meet in October they will be advised to let their rooms methodically, so as to "reap good business without pirating the public."

Whitehall could do with some of this Fair-play-for-All spirit.

Safety first

Our Foreign Office broadcasts to British subjects still in Spain, strongly advising them to take full advantage of the facilities for their evacuation.

The Foreign Office is wise and far-sighted. It knows that Spain is in for a long and horrible fight for her freedom.

Its civil war has provided a pretext for the European dictators to make it their war. And every British subject is better out of their blood-bath.

Seaside perils

The drowning season is in full swing. As the Flintshire coroner (Dr. Llewellyn Jones) remarks, the authorities of some seaside resorts do all in their power to attract visitors, but precious little to safeguard bathers.

No, most of them understand profit, but never think of protection.

Suggestion

Many hairdressers think the new Hairdressers Bill gives too much power to the dictators who are to be set up to rule their profession. If a man is crossed off the register it will mean the end of his professional life, and as the people to sit in judgment on him will be his trade rivals, the power may possibly be abused.

In our opinion, it might be better to

make town councils the controlling authority.

Are we downhearted?

Don't be too depressed at the comparatively poor performance of British athletes at the Olympic Games.

Remember that many of their competitors—particularly the Americans and Germans—can almost be considered as professionals, so intensive is their training.

In this country there is usually little money available for preparations for the Games. Given the ample funds lavished on foreign athletes, there's no reason to suppose that our men could not put up a magnificent show.

Thanks to him

Besides, some of Britain's representatives in Berlin have earned more praise than our critics are willing to bestow upon them.

We might even pride ourselves on Jack Lovelock's feat in winning the 1,500 metres in world record time. For though born in New Zealand he is now a London medical student.

It is certainly the sheerest nonsense to talk about "our decadent youth" in connection with the Games!

A good team

And let us congratulate the M.C.C. on its last selections for the Test team that will tour Australia.

The inclusion of Voce is particularly satisfactory, though many of us may regret that it was not possible to add Larwood's name to the list.

Still, we can pride ourselves on a team that should give the kangaroo's tail a twist or two.

Wireless wisdom

Sir John Reith is wise to meet the wishes of women listeners. In future there will be fewer broadcast talks about pots and pans and poverty, more about travel and relaxation.

Why not? The average housewife does not need telling how to run her home, but she does need to be interested in her "off duty" hours.

Scrap them!

The young motorist who refused to pay a shilling toll at Sandwich, and caused two miles of cars to be held up, may have been a nuisance.

A greater nuisance is the existence of the 122 toll roads, with charges ranging from twopence to two shillings.

A relic of the picturesque past, certainly. But not one to be preserved.

She's still here

Unpleasantly familiar is the story told of London parents who have been charged with child neglect.

The husband, a methylated spirit drinker. The home, dirty and reeking with the fumes of "Red Biddy."

Such squalid tragedies are bound to go on until stricter supervision is placed on the sale of this demoralising stuff.

Another census

There is to be another road traffic census this summer, and let no one begrudge the cost.

The growth of traffic must be measured if we are to prepare our roads for future requirements. It is equally important that Mr. Neville Chamberlain should loosen the purse-strings and allow Mr. Hore-Bellisha to spend more on new roads.

Dangerous horrors

What we don't want are the "horror" signs and faked accidents on dangerous roads.

Boards bearing the skull and crossbones are revolting enough: still worse

is the mock mishap—complete with overturned cars, stretchers and nurses.

Far from making the motorist more careful, such gruesome spectacles are apt to startle him into driving badly.

Tragedy invited

Anyhow, it's no use the authorities asking road users to exercise more care if they don't set an example themselves.

A flaw in the regulations permits a learner motor cyclist to carry a pillion passenger. Now that a young Doncaster couple have lost their lives owing to this blunder, it should be remedied without delay.

Hard-hearted

The Means Test is being purged of some of its harshness. But not all.

Think of the Bristol parents who have got to tell their son to leave home. The father, who had his spine and ribs crushed while in the Army, gets a pension of £2 a week. His wife gets 10s. because he needs so much attention.

The unemployed son's allowance has been cut to 4s. a week!

Common complaint

If his parents support him, they must go short of food, or the invalid father must do without medical necessities. But if their boy is turned out the State will give him a few extra shillings to keep body and soul together!

That case is one of many. So long as they continue we shall regard the operations of the Means Test as stupidly and cruelly unjust.

In vain

Far too common, also, is the sort of story reported from Gainsborough.

Someone at Hemswell Aerodrome asked the employment exchange for sixty men. The sixty made a nine-mile journey to find that only twenty-four were needed. Unable to afford the return bus fare, the remainder had to tramp back.

Are not a few experiences like that enough to make a man desperate?

Startling wages

A few of our employers would probably be happier in Japan.

In the cotton mills there, men get 10s. 2d. a week; women 5s. In chemical works men get 14s.; women 5s. 10d. And working hours average sixty-two a week.

So now you know what to think of the business men who tell us to meet Japanese competition with Japanese methods.

Something for nothing

Loathing anonymous letter writers, we agree with an Essex vicar that "one of the meanest actions is to write an anonymous letter to the police to say that a neighbour is keeping a wireless set without a licence."

Yes, but surely the radio pirate is equally mean and deserves heavier penalties than those usually meted out?

Dark doings

Ratepayers and others may be present at a local council meeting, with the council's permission. But Thirak Rural Council bars its doors and is firmly resolved to conduct its proceedings in secrecy, though the chairman insists there is nothing to hide.

Thirak is not alone in this curious procedure. But if there's nothing to hide, why invite rumour and suspicion?

Bad for bright boys

A headmaster complains that while teachers spend long hours coaching dull children, the brilliant youngsters are neglected and become lazy.

Obviously the remedy is not to concentrate on the brilliant children and just leave the backward to fend for themselves.

But if classes were smaller, teachers could give more individual attention to all types of scholar.

And there are plenty of teachers waiting for jobs.



Truth About Pit Disasters . .

WHY the MINERS PERISH

ONCE again the country has been shocked by flaring headlines in the news—"Mine Disaster: Explosion Kills 57."

Again those scenes of anguish and tragedy at the pithead; the silent, waiting groups of women, the sudden arrival of ambulances, doctors, nurses, quietly busy—getting ready. Then the rescuers tramping past, set-faced, their gaze fixed straight ahead, their minds on that darkness and horror underground to which they are bound.

Then, afterwards, the slow procession of shrouded stretchers to the improvised mortuary, a miner's lamp on each stretcher like the soldier's sword and helmet which rests on his coffin. The women turning away as each goes past, their faces hidden in their shawls. The quavering voice of their village parson standing before them praying, with face upturned to the grey skies.

How long, how often, is it to go on?

After the Gresford calamity two years ago, when 265 lives were lost, an enquiry was held. Out of that enquiry a Royal Commission on Safety in Coal Mines was appointed to hear evidence from every branch of the mining industry, from scientists and every type of mineworker, and from this evidence to suggest complete safety measures. It is still sitting, and may go on yet for months or even years.

We must have knowledge, they say, exact knowledge, before we can start saving lives.

BUT thirty years ago, in 1905, we had another Royal Commission which sat for a long time and went just as exhaustively into every known factor of disaster, just as the present Commission is doing. It produced a monumental Report. But we still have the disasters. There is still a miners' death-roll of over 1,000 a year, and scores of thousands are injured, many of them crippled or invalided for life.

There's blood on the coal, say the miners.

It is on the coal-mining industry that Britain's greatness has been built, yet never has there been a class of worker who has been more consistently betrayed both from within and without.

We have known for thirty years that only more knowledge of all the mysterious hazards which confront the miner in his work can save his life. It took us over 100 years to come to that opinion. And what have we done since to get that knowledge?

It was not until 1908 that any organised research began into mining dangers. Then a small laboratory was put up at Altofts in Yorkshire and financed by the owners from their millions with £15,000. That was soon exhausted, and the owners were disinclined to put up more money.

But if ever £15,000 was well spent, that was. For the discovery was made, unguessed at hitherto, that coal dust could of itself produce explosions.

THE ordinary man learned the phrase "spontaneous combustion" for the first time. And the researchers showed how to beat this hidden, terrifying menace—by covering workings and "roads" with stone dust, which is the common practice in mines to-day.

But in spite of this sweeping proof of the value of organised research there was no more money forthcoming to pay for more. What work remained to be done was taken over by the Home Office and tackled in dribs and drabs, financed with the small funds left over from the work of its other departments.

That playing with the problem of safety went on for about another fifteen years until the formation of a Permanent Research Board under the Mines Department.

Last year that Board spent £60,000. That may seem a lot of money. But it had to cover the cost of research proceeding into a dozen separate

"There's blood on the coal," say the miners; and more money must be found swiftly to speed-up safety measures for the men

kinds of hazard, the cost of safety instruction to miners all over the country, the upkeep of several research stations, including the headquarters at Buxton, outside grants totalling £10,000 to various Universities and special workers, and the payment of its own scientific staff of about sixty workers.

That £60,000 which is spent on trying to save the miner is less than that spent in any other coal-mining country. It works out at 1s. 7d. per annum for each wage-earning miner, which can scarcely be regarded as an extravagant computation of the value of his life and limb.

There is one firm alone in Britain that makes wireless sets and electric irons, which spends far more on research than the £60,000 which is considered enough for the whole mining industry.

The Board is crying out for more money for further fundamental researches, without which there cannot be much advance into basic knowledge of accident problems, but it cannot get it.

And where does the money with which it does such work as it can come from? It comes from the Miners' Welfare Fund, which was originally intended, when it was established in 1920, to provide pithead baths for miners and recreational facilities like village centres and playing fields for themselves and their children. Its scope was enlarged to include health measures, and from health it has come to pay for the measures for safety.

It is true that the miners do not provide the Welfare Fund directly—from their own wage packets. But they can almost be said to do so

indirectly. For the bulk of the Fund comes from an output levy on every ton of coal produced.

Originally, this levy was 1d. a ton, which the owners paid. The Government, however, when the coal trade began moaning about hard times, cut the levy down to ½d. a ton, which means that the Fund's income was cut by about £200,000 a year.

But since the cost of research comes out of this Fund—or what is left of it—the miners really do pay for their own safety measures. For to pay for this work they must do without the same amount's worth of the bath-houses or the other comforts and facilities which the Fund was intended to provide.

IN its annual report, which appeared a few weeks ago, the Committee of the Fund stated that while it has managed to equip 194 pithead bath installations to date, there is still a "large unsatisfied demand which becomes more and more pressing." An enormous lot remains to be done in the way of provision of playing fields for miners' children, convalescent homes for their wives, and the many social welfare schemes which were in hand.

The money which must be paid out on safety research, small as it is, must stultify some of those schemes.

It is monstrous that the financing of such a vital matter as this research should have to come out of the Welfare Fund and compete for its dole with the other pressing demands on the Fund. It should be made an entirely separate entity, and the funds available, the yearly amount advanced, should be multiplied to the very limits of what the researchers require. At present it is being slowly cut down and is facing further cuts in the future.

Where is the money to come from? It must be

partly made up from substantial Government grants, as it is in other countries where they recognise that safety in the mines is a national matter.

But the bulk must come from the owners' pockets. Every other employer of labour must finance the costs of safety measures for his workpeople from his pocket. Why should not the mineowner? Particularly since in this case safety for the men also means safety for his profit-producing property.

A FURTHER shilling in the £ on mining royalties (one shilling is already paid to the Welfare Fund) would bring in £170,000. Presumably the great landed proprietors who own and have inherited these royalties can afford a 10 per cent. cut on their income to save the lives of the men who earn it for them.

And that ½d. a ton cut on the output levy should be put back. It is ridiculous for mine-owners to plead that ½d. a ton more means economic ruin. Some of that money could be allocated permanently to research.

But however this money is to be found, it must be provided. We cannot stint money on the knowledge and the methods which are to save men's lives.

To dole out a few thousands to buy that knowledge, and yet to pour hundreds of thousands into Disaster Relief Funds for the widows and children of the men who are being avoidably slain, is sheer lunacy. And murderous lunacy at that.



Ninety Millions



Charity funds of all kinds, from street collections to legacies, find their way to the choked coffers supervised by the Charity Commission...



ALTHOUGH nearly ninety million pounds is locked away in charitable funds for the benefit of the poor and needy in this country, social workers find it difficult, and often quite impossible, to secure help for those in dire distress.

Willing workers are available on every hand, in every village, town and city scattered throughout Britain, but millions of money that should be at their disposal for the relief of suffering is withheld.

Among those millions are charitable funds dating as far back as a thousand years, the accumulated legacies and endowments left by forty generations of philanthropists. Intact, the majority of them, vastly increased in value most of them, growing year by year, threatening to burst the already overflowing vaults of that august Government body called the Charity Commissioners.

Shock for donors

The Charity Commission stands custodian over funds raised for the blind, the lame, for the victims of war and disaster, for the support of missions, schools and all manner of institutions.

According to its latest report, the swelling funds it supervises for the benefit of the poor, the sick and the fatherless among others, have now reached the astonishing total of £87,299,374.

And though the bulk of this money is invested in British land, buildings and securities, at least one-third is found in foreign investments—in francs, dollars, roubles, in all kinds of foreign stocks, even in foreign breweries and other industries.

This is surely an astounding state of affairs.

The money that is invested was intended for the relief of suffering, poverty and want, and the generous benefactors of bygone days might well turn in their graves could they but see the results.

The money now fettered and bound consists of funds covering every conceivable purpose in the realms of charity; but, needless to say, war and the aftermath of wars, have been and still are, the chief incentives for charitable appeals and collections.

Willing public

The Lloyd's insurance clerk who started a fund in a city coffee house for the benefit of the mutilated men and for the widows and orphans of the Napoleonic Wars in 1803 only carried on a work that began centuries before, and which has continued to the present day.

The public is still begged to give, and to give generously, and it gives. The householder's hand is for ever

reaching into his pocket for shillings for this cause and for that.

In the years since 1918, it is significant, the funds in the care of the Charity Commissioners have increased by no less than £45,000,000. And it looks as though this will continue to be invested together with all the other millions which have been subscribed and given through the centuries.

Like the moneys that were gathered for the benefit of the heroes of the Battle of Waterloo, the Russian Wars of 1854-56, and the Indian Mutiny, to mention but one or two, they will continue to swell the ever-expanding total in charge of the Charity Commissioners.

It is astonishing that although these vast sums exist for those in distress, welfare workers and others who give their lives to the cause of charity often complain they are unable to secure help.

It is but a step from a Government Department dealing in millions to the small office in a side-street used by social workers for their headquarters.

A JOHN BULL representative has just visited such an office in a London suburb—one of hundreds scattered about the country—from which earnest visitors go forth among the sick and aged.

Nothing . .

That office is a haven of refuge to hundreds who dwell in a wilderness of poverty, yet the voluntary workers who administer it are usually at their wits' end to find the wherewithal to give financial help.

A staff of five was found administering to a community of a quarter of a million people, the senior among them a woman who began her life of sacrifice more than forty years ago. Only one of the band is a salaried worker, and she is the permanent secretary.

Desperate are the cases they meet with. Men who have fallen on evil times, but for whom not a penny piece is forthcoming. Women with families in dire need of help, but who have to be relegated to the tender mercies of the local relieving officer, though tens of millions of pounds exist for the benefit of her and her like.

There was the case of a man who was badly injured while serving with the Army in peace time overseas. He was in need of treatment. But there was no charity with funds from which he might receive benefit—not one of all the more than

50,000 "charities" to save him from the workhouse.

To such a pass has organised charity come in Britain, that although the funds supervised by the Charity Commissioners have swollen by more than £45,000,000 since the war, thousands of ex-Servicemen have suffered unnecessarily, thousands more have shuddered at the thought of asking for charity, knowing that it would be refused.

A penniless and jobless V.C. officer who won his coveted decoration in the hell and terror of the Somme in 1916 is among the thousands who have sought help, but who have failed to secure it.

A social worker not so long since brought to the notice of JOHN BULL the case of a girl of twenty-five, a consumptive case receiving a meagre 7s. a week from National Health Insurance, living with a sick mother who was able to earn only another 10s.

These two women are struggling to-day to keep a roof above their heads, to avoid separation in an institution where they would be maintained at the public expense. Yet in spite of the fact that nearly ninety millions of charity money is in existence, not a shilling is available to help them.

Another case which has proved the despair of social workers interested, is that of a man who while in regular employment lost a leg in an accident that was not covered by insurance. He has a wife and two children, is of excellent character, but there isn't a penny piece for him.

Unwieldy

It is not surprising to learn that many who volunteer for social service abandon the mission because of the heartbreak.

In the course of centuries charity has reached enormous bounds in Britain, invading every walk of life, touching every conceivable purpose, so that moneys should be, and are where rightly used, available to meet every misfortune.

As long ago as 1858 the handling

of the many trusts and funds became so unwieldy that the Charity Commission was formed, to supervise among other things the parish fund, the legacy for providing "Little Red Riding Hood" cloaks, and the dispensation of lands left for villagers in the days of King Athelstan.

They need it

The Commission took over £400,000, and in ten years, following the Crimean Wars, boasted a total of more than £3,000,000. Then came the Zulu Wars, the Boer Wars and the Transvaal War. The Imperial Yeomanry Benevolent Fund alone yielded to the Commission more than £30,000, the capital of which is still almost intact.

Where the original purposes of a charity cease to exist, the commissioners are empowered by law under the Cy Pres doctrine, dating back to Norman times, to exercise its discretion.

It used its discretion on one notable occasion when it transferred for the endowment of a school the money left by Thomas Betton, in 1723, for the redemption of British slaves in Barbary.

There were no British slaves in Barbary, so the funds were utilised for another charitable purpose, and the same thing could be done in scores of instances to-day.

In the city of Hereford there is a charity called the Society for Aiding the Industrious Poor, founded a hundred years ago, with £50,000 at its disposal in cash and investments.

It is not so long ago that we criticised the air of mystery that surrounds this charity, and the secrecy with which its funds are disbursed.

How welcome to the hard-pressed social workers and secretaries of the

to Give Away!

... yet thousands of the very people who might be helped by these millions of pounds are still compelled to beg an existence at street corners



—But Charity

Holds on to its Frozen Money

British Legion, the United Services Fund, the Charity Organisation Society, and a score or more voluntary associations, would be a tenth of the money that is now tied up in investments!

Charity begins at home, and a beginning might well be made in this direction by some of the institutions for spreading doctrines in foreign parts.

One of these alone enjoys an income of nearly £300,000 a year, yet the total vested incomes of not a single charity for the relief of ex-Service men yields anything like that amount.

There is scarcely a town or village in Britain without its charity of some kind, money left in trust for dispensation to the poor in one way or another.

Kindly disposed philanthropists and stony-hearted tyrants alike are included in the "immortals" whose names are kept alive by means of annual distributions in cash and kind.

There is the "Palmer" charity, left to the poor of a village in the picturesque Lambourne Valley, near Newbury, in Berkshire, by a rich farmer who in his day paid his unfortunate labourers a shilling a day. His daughter, when she died, added a considerable sum to the amount he left to perpetuate his memory.

Yet many poor people in the parish complain that they are unable to secure help.

Gold Acre

Then there is "Pedlars Acre," left to the poor of the parish of St. Mary in Lambeth, south-east London, more especially to relieve the burden of rates.

The acre of land concerned is on the riverside just opposite the Houses of Parliament, though the population of Lambeth has changed con-

siderably in the course of two hundred years.

There are not so many "poor" rate-payers in the locality, these days, and the acre of land is worth thousands more than when it was allocated. The London County Council had its headquarters erected on the site, one of the most magnificent buildings in London.

Few qualify

London is rich in "charities," though probably very few people have ever heard of "Arneway's Trust," left by Thomas Arneway in the year 1673, for the purpose of yielding loans at a small rate of interest to small traders and artisans.

But applicants for benefit must secure two trustees, or otherwise provide ample security in the form of property or long-lease land.

Conditions have changed since the sixteen-hundreds, so that very few who need a loan are able to qualify.

The money available, which originally stood at £1,500, has swollen to more than £17,000, with nearly £4,000 intact.

The parish charity, like the Charity Commission, has long since ceased to be a blessing. It is all too often the parson's nightmare, and is left for somebody to dispense as he will.

As often as not the uses are ridiculous, reminiscent only of the historical, a survival of an ancient custom. "Oranges and lemons" for

children who dwell within a stone's throw of Covent Garden market, for example, clogs for dairymaids who cannot be found nowadays working on farms!

These and a thousand other funds, great and small, go to make up that vast and annually swelling sum that is controlled by the Charity Commissioners.

It cannot matter to the veteran who returned from Waterloo to die in the workhouse, but it does matter to the shell-wrecked heroes who survived the Somme to beg for poor law relief, in what manner of securities, whether British or foreign, the money subscribed for his aid is invested.

The Charity Commission should not act as a form of Government "stock and share broking" institution, but should devote itself entirely to the cause of charity—in the true sense of that much-abused word.

No doubt the powers of the Charity Commissioners are limited, but we do suggest that the enormous funds that exist throughout the country should be brought under the more immediate control of the Commissioners, who should be given wider powers to divert funds into the most useful channels, and discretion to use capital.

And the moneys given to the fatherless, the widows, the sick, the aged and the poverty-stricken, and to all who are in need.

We feel that there are many ancient charities scattered about the country, the funds of which are intact, but the purposes of which do not by any means conform to pre-

sent-day and existing needs. Funds left for the annual distribution of bread and cakes to travellers passing through the locality, bread to be given away from a centuries-old tomb, are but two of scores of old-time charitable bequests.

Release it!

The changing conditions of our social system, the changes which have come about in the administration of relief, make necessary an entirely new dispensation.

Many causes of poverty and illness common in bygone days have disappeared, but many misfortunes and numerous fresh causes for suffering have arisen to take their places.

A review of the whole field of charitable endeavour would doubtless secure for social workers the support they deserve, and of which they stand in direst need.

We should like an early enquiry into this tremendous social problem, to see whether some of these charity millions cannot be put to a better purpose.



C A N D I D C O M M U N I C A T I O N S

You've Shown the Way, Sir Charles!

DEAR SIR CHARLES TREVELYAN, — You have, I think, found an admirable solution of a difficult problem.

I shall not stress your generosity in deciding to bequeath your historic Northumberland home, Wallington House, to the National Trust. So great a gift speaks for itself.

What I must emphasise is that your plan not only benefits the public, but eases the burden of the conscientious landowner.

As you say, great houses and estates are part of an order of Society which is passing away. Death duties, high income tax, make their upkeep an impossibility for all but the richest.

And so, at an ever-increasing rate, famous and beautiful properties are being sold to be broken up by the speculative builder—and the whole country is the poorer for it.

* * *

Your plan makes everyone richer. After your death Wallington House and its 13,000 acres will belong to the whole nation, to be accessible for all time to the people.

Your dependants will be spared the heavy dues that might lead to the estate being sold to "selfish or unsympathetic" interests. The only stipulation you make—a very human one—is that Lady Trevelyan and her children shall continue to live at Wallington as tenants of the National Trust.

Some of your critics—and as a Socialist you have plenty—may say your magnanimity would have been greater had you decided to make the change now rather than upon your death. But how many of them would do as much as you have done?

Let us hope, anyway, there will be some who will follow your shining example.

* * *

We are all indebted to the rich folk of generous spirit who have presented the Trust with the ruins of once-noble buildings.

We shall bless still more those who vow that your gift shall not remain the only one of its kind.

And I, for one, will always remember you as a man whose generosity has preserved for us at least a part of the England which is passing. JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BROWN,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—The Unemployment Insurance Fund is making a profit of nearly £2,000,000 a month. When Parliament reassembles Mr. Roland Robinson, M.P., is going to urge you to use some of the surplus to pay increased benefits to the workless.

But, I am told, you have asked officials to provide you with arguments why this should not be done.

Why so miserly? Do you expect another trade slump? JOHN BULL.

Mr. R. V. H. ROSEVEARE,
Cheltenham College

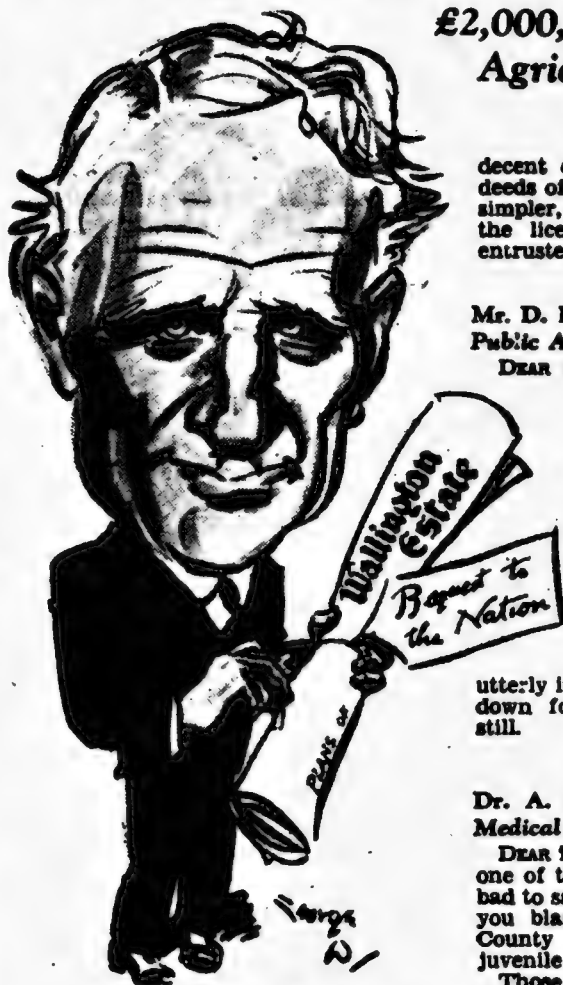
DEAR HEADMASTER,—I am glad to have your assurance that good form does not matter very much. I agree that "no one really believes that whether you may or may not do up the bottom waistcoat button is more important than the question of world peace."

But so many people think that the man who does up the bottom button is a social outcast that the snobbery of "good form" is more objectionable than you appear to imagine. JOHN BULL.

Mr. WALTER ELLIOT,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—You must be feeling deep concern at the fact that land under the plough in Britain shows yet another decrease, amounting this year to more than 70,000 acres. And 40,000 of these acres were formerly under wheat.

I once hoped that the Agricultural Marketing Board would revive our staple



You've shown the way—let other rich men follow

industry and restore to their birthright the thousands of yeomen who have been driven from the land by hard conditions. Now it is proved a lamentable failure. Is it not time you started afresh? JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES H. HUDSON,
Workers' Temperance League

DEAR SIR,—The four million members of bona-fide clubs will, I fancy, feel as much dislike for your views as myself.

Mentioning a Liverpool drinking den where barbed wire, electric bells and other contrivances hinder the entry of police, you suggest that all clubs should be placed under police surveillance. But why should the thousands of

£2,000,000 "Dole" Profits — Another Blow to Agriculture—Food Fakers are Busy—Police and the Clubs

decent clubs be penalised for the misdeeds of the few bad ones? It would be simpler, as I have pointed out before, for the licensing of club premises to be entrusted to the local council.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. D. HENVILLE,
Public Analyst, Stepney

DEAR MR. HENVILLE,—Your complaint that only one of every ten "cream buns" has real cream in it is just one of the many cases of food faking and adulteration which I have exposed.

But the Home Secretary could do worse than to invite men like yourself to advise him on changes to the existing foodstuff laws.

For those laws are utterly inadequate and the penalties laid down for infringing them are feeble still.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. A. G. G. THOMPSON,
Medical Officer of Health, Lambeth

DEAR DOCTOR,—You are not, I am sure, one of those people who find something bad to say about every improvement. But you blame the new blocks of London County Council flats for increasing juvenile crime.

Those blocks were built to give slum-dwellers decent homes. And they provide children with better and safer space for play than in the slum streets from which they came.

No, you will have to find a stronger criticism of clearance schemes than that!

JOHN BULL.

Mr. HUGH RUTTLEDGE,
London

DEAR MR. RUTTLEDGE,—I'm sorry to hear that you will never again try to climb Everest, though I must recognise your wisdom in deciding that at the age of fifty-one you are now too old for the job.

But the feat will be accomplished in the end.

Younger men will come forward, men imbued with the same spirit that has

helped you to surmount appalling difficulties. And you may rest assured that when Everest is conquered you will share the honour of achievement.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. STEPHEN S. WISE,
Jewish World Congress

DEAR DOCTOR,—I dare say it is true that "If Hitlerism had been faced by the Western Powers when it was little more than anti-Semitism," Germany would be a different place to-day.

But it's too late to think about that now. The Jewish World Congress must deal with the problems of the present, not of the past.

And it can best do that by putting Jewry's own house in order without delay and by rousing the world's conscience against the senseless persecution of its adherents.

JOHN BULL.

The MAGISTRATES,
South Bank, near Middlesbrough

YOUR WORSHIPS,—I don't suppose you will get the undying fame accorded to the Judgment of Solomon, though your methods are certainly similar.

A man named Stanthorpe accused a young fellow of stealing three pigeons from him. As the ownership was in doubt, you ordered the birds to be released. Two disappeared, but the third has arrived at Stanthorpe's loft and you have now fined the second man for theft.

Supposing the missing birds should turn up at somebody else's house. What then?

JOHN BULL.

BAILIE ADAMSON,
Kirkcaldy

DEAR SIR,—I doubt your wisdom in apologising to Sir Robert Spencer Nairn, Bart., when admonishing him for failing to observe a pedestrian crossing.

You said you were sorry he had to be inconvenienced by appearing. True, you describe the case as trivial and trifling, and Sir Robert apologised for not attending the court a week earlier.

But other motorists charged with trivial and trifling offences may possibly view your expression of regret in the wrong light.

JOHN BULL.

Not from the B.B.C.

I DO like to be beside the seaside,
It's pleasant to sniff the seaside air;
But one's chance of joy is narrowed
And one's finer feelings harrowed
When one finds a lot of beastly trippers
there!

The seaside is robbed of its refinement,
The blue seems to take a sombre shade
When a motor-coaching party,
Very "mixed" and very hearty,
Is deposited upon the esplanade!

I just hate to be beside the briny
When coach-owners, eager but for pelf,
Bring others there to share it,
For the seaside, I can't bear it
If I cannot have the seaside to myself!

If the foregoing misrepresents the attitude of some seaside residents, they must not blame me, for I have merely put into rhyme the unreason of sundry marine councillors and hotel-keepers.

The tendency to divide the human race into "our people" and "dashed outsiders" has become so strong that Mr. F. A. Walker, secretary of the Associated Coach Operators, Ltd., has had to protest against increasingly numerous notices: "Motor-coach parties not served here."

And Frinton Urban Council definitely put the "side" in "seaside" when it turned down the application of a bus company that wanted to cater for excursionists on the ground that 95 per cent. of the local residents would resent the presence of "trippers."

"Nothing so vulgar as a motor-coach

SEASIDE SNOBS



has ever been seen on the esplanade," the Council's representative announced. And, presumably, if one arrived the hotel-keepers would hide the silver spoons and the Mayor would send a despatch-rider to O.C. Garbage Removal.

It is, indeed, a fixed illusion in some quarters that anyone who travels by motor-coach is a potential confiscator of silver spoons. But seeing that in twelve months 5,721,800,000 passenger journeys by motor-coach were made outside London, our incipient criminals must nowadays be fairly numerous.

But let not these dastardly invaders of seaside seclusion too lightly assume the victory will be with the big battalions. The threatened coastal towns are generously provided with half-pay colonels and other pukka sahibs, all of them ready (like Colonel Buzfuz, whose call to arms appears below) to spring from their bath-chairs to repel foreign aggression.

When my army days were over and no battle had I fought,
I made my way to Slocum-on-the-Sea;
The peace I'd known at Poona was the only boon I sought;

From foreign wars I reckoned I was free;
But now, when from all sides is Slocum threatened with invasion,
Let's show how half-pay Colonels can respond to the occasion!

Look me out my trusty niblick, hang my medals on my chest;
My dauntless courage I have not mislaid;

The golf club will not see me and I'll know no moment's rest
While there remains on the Marine Parade

A solitary tripper, aye, a single foreign devil,
Who'd desecrate our hearths and drag us to his lowly level!

Though hitherto I have not shed my own nor others' blood,
I'm ready now to battle without pause,
And promised reinforcements, due from Mumble-on-the-Mud,

Will help to victory the sacred cause;
Then never more will motor-coaches dump down a consignment
Of cads intent to mar our term of "solitary refinement"!

Y. Z.

His Majesty's SECRET

KING EDWARD'S holiday cruise in the *Nahlin* has been made the occasion of a good deal of unnecessary and rather stupid mystery.

The absence of any official announcement as to the itinerary of the King's voyage has in several quarters been taken to mean that the detail of this has been left more or less to the inclination of the moment. This is nonsense.

Official silence has been kept on the matter for a very good reason. During the six months since his accession the King has been working at very high pressure, and although he has come through the ordeal a perfectly fit man, it is important that he should be able to enjoy his few weeks' holiday in as much seclusion as possible.

Although the great majority of people would scrupulously respect the King's wishes in this matter, there are always others who are not so nice in their manners.

If the course of the King's cruise were publicly known beforehand, it is certain that wherever the *Nahlin* went a small crowd of uninvited and unwelcome craft would appear in the same waters. And the King's idea of a quiet holiday is not a prolonged regatta.

★ ★

SECRECY as to His Majesty's plans was, therefore, a necessary precaution. But it is silly to suppose in consequence that such plans have not been made.

I am told that in fact the time-sheet of the cruise has been worked out almost to an hour, so that the King's Ministers and officials will always have exact information as to his movements.

The notion that in any circumstances it could be otherwise is fantastic. The King, as responsible head of the State, may well smile at the idea of his departure on some uncharted voyage. That is the prerogative alone of monarchs in Ruritania.

Arrangements have been made for couriers to meet the King at each port of call, with State papers from London, and His Majesty has caused a transmitter to be attached to the yacht's wireless installation.

Moreover, the escorting destroyers, *Grafton* and *Glow-worm*, will be in constant touch with the Admiralty. These provisions made it unnecessary to put the Crown in Commission during the King's absence.

By the devices of modern science His Majesty will be kept as closely in contact with essential business as though he were in London, but everyone concerned is conspiring to reduce the intrusions on his privacy during these weeks to a minimum. They are all determined that he should have a refreshing and happy holiday.

★ ★

I HEAR that the King, all political considerations apart, has been taking a close and anxious interest in what a modern Elizabethan might well call the new Spanish Tragedy.

On his own wireless whenever possible he has picked up claims and announcements made by the conflicting factions, and members of his household know that his sympathy, irrespective of Party, has been deeply moved for the Spanish people as a whole in the calamity that has befallen them.

He knows from experience how damnable war in any case must be, and as King of a great Empire his imagination has been quickly stirred by this yet even more horrible spectacle of civil bloodshed. The stability of his own throne and Government gives an added poignancy in his mind to the dreadful ordeal through which a once mighty European Power is passing.

★ ★

I HAD a letter the other day from a reader asking me whether I could clear up some confusion in his mind about the flying of the Royal



"Since coming to the throne the King has not allowed increased demands on his time to obscure his interest in the welfare of wounded soldiers"

John Drinkwater's ~ Intimate Diary ~ THE KING THIS WEEK

Standard on the London Palaces. From enquiries that I have made I learn that new regulations governing this have been introduced by the King since his accession.

During King George's reign the Standard was flown only above the residence where the Sovereign was actually in occupation, and it was never at the mast-head in two places at once.

★ ★

BY King Edward's orders, the standard is kept permanently flying above St. James's Palace, as his residence, and at the same time above Buckingham Palace or elsewhere as his movements necessitate.

Incidentally, observant persons may have noticed that the Standards flown above St. James's Palace and Buckingham Palace are not identical, and wondered what is the explanation.

It is that the St. James's Palace Standard bears the four quarterings of the King, while that over Buckingham Palace hitherto has borne eight, being those of Queen Mary while Her Majesty has been in residence there. Her personal Standard bears the arms of her own House quartered with those of the House of Windsor, and

is now flying over Sandringham House, where the Queen is taking her holiday.

★ ★

WHEN he was Prince of Wales, one of the King's most active interests was the cause of the wounded soldiers who have never recovered from the sacrifice they made twenty years ago.

Since coming to the throne he has not allowed the enormously increased demands on his time and energy to obscure this claim. Any appeal from this source is sure of his personal, it may almost be said of his affectionate, attention. These men, together with the unemployed, a r e, perhaps, nearer to His Majesty's heart than any other of his subjects.

I heard only the other day of an instance when on a Northern tour of inspection in a distressed area the King heard accidentally of a case of alleged injustice, sent for the parties concerned, carried out an investigation on the spot, and cleared the matter up to everyone's satisfaction.

★ ★

NOBODY would or could have complained if he had left it to the responsible officials, but the fact is that the King regards this particular responsibility as peculiarly his own, and no trouble in connection with it is too great.

The work of "The Not Forgotten Association"

is therefore always sure of his sympathy. Ever since the war this body has by royal permission held a series of garden parties at Buckingham Palace in the late summer in aid of disabled veterans—soldiers, sailors and nurses—who are still confined to hospital in consequence of their war services.

The King has told the association that he wishes the practice to be continued, and while he is away on holiday the Palace gardens are to be placed at its disposal for this purpose.

★ ★

WHEN the King flew from London to say good-bye to the Queen before leaving England, he chose a day when the grounds of Sandringham were open to the public, and with his mother he walked freely about the gardens to the delight of some eight thousand people to whom the privilege of seeing him was quite unexpected.

The same thing had happened a few days before at Buckingham Palace when the King put in an unannounced appearance at the Canadian garden party.

Many kings have courted popularity, but few have attracted it with such unconsidered ease. More and more in a shaken world the King becomes our chief national security. An American, with whom I was watching him recently on a public occasion, said: "That fellow is the King-pin of your Empire." It couldn't be put better.

The most remarkable part of President Roosevelt's speech on his visit to Canada was his reference to the possibility of a visit by the King to the United States after the Coronation.

No intention of the kind can at present be more than nebulous, but the President obviously would not have spoken of it unless he knew it to be under consideration.

If it should happen, I can think of no personal event that would give a greater impetus to the cause of peace in the world.

Christopher Stone introduces you to

ALL THE FUN OF THE AIR



THE new Bush S.S.W.33 gives you an opportunity to indulge in the latest diversion—Radio Blind Man's Buff, with yourself as the blind man, setting out to catch Bing Crosby and landing Japan instead.

The Bush S.S.W.33, a new superhet, which, in addition to providing all the worthwhile programmes on medium and long waves, embodies an important extra, allowing reception in the 17-53 metre wavebands. In other words "short wave listening".

It's all very great fun particularly in view of the element of uncertainty entering into it. You should understand that while these short wave transmissions come in with quite remarkable clearness today, tomorrow may prove an off day.

When it comes to the medium and long wave broadcasts nearer home, however, this "hit or miss" business is, of course, entirely absent. The S.S.W.33 attains the high standard of reliability and naturalness that we look for from any Bush receiver. Its price—11½ gns.—is no more than you would expect to pay for a good superhet without the added fun of the short wave reception that the S.S.W.33 affords.



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A Seven stage superhet with nine tuned circuits. Wave ranges: SHORT 17-53 metres, medium 198-550 metres, long 850-2,000 metres. The large illuminated dial is station calibrated. A.V.C. counteracts fading. A high degree of long wave selectivity is assured by special tuning coils. Dual ratio control provides easy and accurate tuning on all including the short waveband. 3/6 a week or The Energised moving coil speaker is fed with 3.5 watts undistorted output. Provision for pickup and remote speaker. Attractive walnut cabinet with Zebrano sidebanding.

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Appointed Dealers

MR. BALDWIN'S stern action in dismissing Sir Christopher Bullock from the public service is an event of capital importance. I call it Mr. Baldwin's action because, though others were associated with him in the decision, he quite deliberately took the onus upon himself by writing and signing the minute of dismissal.

I recall no action of the sort in recent years so severe and so uncompromising. Sir Christopher was not given the option of resigning. None of the customary "face saving" expedients for letting a man who had failed or who had misbehaved down gently were employed. He was dismissed out of hand, publicly and without any attempt to soften a blow, the consequences of which, to a man in Sir Christopher's position, must be devastating and irrevocable.

Now Mr. Baldwin is not a harsh man. Whatever his defects, they do not lean to the side of severity. He is very human in his sympathies and generous in his bearing to others. He has had many bitter things said about him, but it would be difficult to recall a bitter or unworthy thing that he has said in return. What then is the explanation of his very drastic action in this case?

Let us recall, first, the facts as disclosed in the report of the Board of Enquiry on the findings of which the Prime Minister has acted. Sir Christopher Bullock, after a brilliant career at Oxford, in the Army and in the Civil Service, had at an age, still on the right side of forty, reached the high and responsible position of Permanent Secretary to the Air Ministry.

This position did not satisfy his ambition. It was as far as he could go in the Civil Service, and he looked for wider opportunities in the realm of business. Not unnaturally he saw in the vast developing interest of the air the direction that offered those opportunities.

In his capacity as Permanent Secretary of the Air Ministry, he had acquired exceptional authority on the subject of aviation, and Imperial Airways seemed

The MAN BALDWIN Sacked

to him the kind of entry to the business world which he desired.

He was seized with the idea of becoming the Government representative on the Board of Imperial Airways with succession to the Chairmanship on the retirement of Sir Eric Geddes. He proceeded to stake out his claim with surprising energy.

In May, 1934, when the Government, of which he was a servant, was engaged in serious negotiation with Imperial Airways, he suggested to Lord Londonderry, his chief at the Air Ministry, that the conferment of a high honour on Sir Eric Geddes, the Chairman of Imperial Airways, would be fitting in view of Sir Eric's great services to the State.

Lord Londonderry asked whether such honour would be acceptable, and Sir Christopher interpreted this as giving him authority to approach Sir Eric on the subject.

He did so and found Sir Eric not unwilling to receive recognition of his services in linking the Empire by air. So far so good.

Then Sir Christopher broached his own ambition, and here I must quote the report:

"Sir Christopher then turned to a fresh topic of conversation, saying that he wanted Sir Eric's advice with regard to his own future. He first referred to the absence of any further



Sir Christopher Bullock: "With the facts before us," says A.G.G., "we can understand the severity with which Mr. Baldwin has acted."

—by—
A. G. Gardiner

prospect of advancement for him in the Civil Service, and said that what he would really like would be to succeed Sir Eric as Chairman of Imperial Airways, and went on to ask how long Sir Eric meant to continue, and what Sir Eric thought of his chances of achieving that ambition."

It is not surprising that Sir Eric was a little chilly. He explained that he liked his work and had "no idea about going." But this did not damp Sir Christopher's ardour.

He suggested that Sir Walter Nicholson, then the Government director of the Board, might soon be resigning, and that he (Sir Christopher) might get himself nominated to the vacancy.

Did Sir Eric see any objection to that, and did he think that he (Sir Eric) would be relinquishing the chairmanship after two years.

At subsequent interviews Sir Christopher pursued the subject to the increasing disquiet of Sir Eric, who did his best to divert him from the theme. He did not succeed, and the report shows that Sir Christopher next tackled Mr. Wood Humphreys, the managing director of Imperial Airways, with the same remarkable candour.

By this time people had begun to talk. News of this industrious canvassing came to the ears of the Government. Mr. Baldwin appointed a Board of Enquiry to investigate the story, the most searching evidence was taken, and the board issued a report severely animadverting on the fact that Sir Christopher had used his official position to press upon the representatives of Imperial Airways "personal suggestions which

were as unwelcome as they were embarrassing."

It was found that throughout Sir Christopher had "shown a lack of that instinct and perception from which is derived the sure guide by which the conduct of a civil servant should be regulated."

With those facts before us, I think we can understand and appreciate the firmness and severity with which Mr. Baldwin has acted.

There is no institution more vital to the stability and good government of this country than the Civil Service.

And there is no institution of which we have greater reason to be proud. In its efficiency, its probity and its high standard of loyalty to the public interest it is without parallel in any other country in the world. That of Germany in pre-war days alone approached it in excellence. The American Civil Service is given over to political exploitation, and the French Civil Service is notorious for its corruption.

If this, on the whole, is the best-governed and most stable nation on the earth, it is because we have two pillars of security—a sound Parliamentary system and an incorruptible Civil Service.

We can keep those pillars intact only by the most rigorous vigilance. The need of that vigilance was never greater than it is now. Since the war, which brought the Civil Service into contact with big business, there has been a sinister tendency for eminent civil servants, equipped with special knowledge which they have acquired in the service of the State, to transfer that knowledge to private interests.

No one, of course, would deny the right of a civil servant who thinks he can do better for himself in another calling to exercise that freedom. But we must not tolerate the notion that the Civil Service is simply a "jumping-off" ground from which ambitious young men, enriched with the expert knowledge that the Civil Service gives them, can command more profitable employment in other services.

Nor can it be permitted that civil servants, holding positions of responsibility to the State which give them great influence, should exercise that influence for their personal advantage.

It is these considerations which explain the severity with which the Prime Minister has acted in the case of Sir Christopher Bullock.

Book of the Hour

Hurry now for the book of the hour, "The Wonderful Story of the Sea," offered by JOHN BULL as a presentation to every reader. Soon it will be too late.

This is the most enthralling and romantic story ever told. With 200,000 vivid words and over 500 unforgettable pictures this volume is well worth £1 1s., but it can be yours for 2s. 9d., plus 1s. which includes carriage, packing and insurance. Don't hesitate.

Turn to pages 4 and 5 and reserve your copy to-day.



The Human Machine

YOUR BIG TEST

"WHAT you are," said Emerson, "stands over you the while, and thunders so that I cannot hear what you say to the contrary."

An old proverb says the same thing more tersely: "Actions speak louder than words."

If we really want to know ourselves—and until we do know and understand ourselves we will never make much headway—we should keep a strict watch on ourselves for a single day. We should, as it were, get outside ourselves, and watch what happens when we are confronted by the thousand and one happenings of ordinary everyday life.

If we did this, and did it honestly, we should get some pretty good shocks. We should find ourselves marvelling at the contrast between what we really are and what we thought we were.

If we prided ourselves on being imperturbable, incapable of being ruffled, even-tempered—we should be horrified to find how many times in a day we had been completely thrown off our balance by trivialities.

We could say, of course, that we had been "caught unawares," or that we had "acted without thinking." But they would not be genuine excuses. They would be the flimsiest of alibis.

We have no business to be caught unawares. We have no business to act without thinking. We are rational beings. At least, we have inside us all the machinery to make us rational beings. And it is our business to learn to use it.

No one knows himself till he has done something like this, kept a mental watch on himself for a stated period, and honestly and fearlessly analysed and appreciated the results of his observation.

It's an exercise that does no one any harm. Self-knowledge has always been the key to self-control and self-mastery.

What we think we are is of immense importance. Many a little man has thought himself into being a big man. But we must, in the end, make our deeds square with our thoughts. We must act as we think, or prove that we are just sham.

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"Keep Regular" is the first rule of health. Regularity prevents fermentation of waste in the colon and the re-absorption of poisons in the intestine.

Anyone who has taken Beechams Brand Pills will tell you there's nothing so quick, certain and safe for sick headaches, liverishness, and indigestion. One dose relieves, and a course will overcome habitual constipation, obesity, skin spots, etc., without pain or upset. The family medicine—unchanged for 90 years.

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Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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£1,500,000 PLOT Revealed



BEHIND the conviction in Paris, ten days ago, of a Londoner named Bernard Klein, who is well known as an adventurer in shady financial circles in England and other countries, lies the story of a great conspiracy.

Over a million and a half of money is involved in the fraudulent manipulation of Government bonds and securities, bank and treasury notes—genuine and otherwise. Yet the police chiefs of London, New York and Paris have so far been outwitted by the real conspirators.

These men are hiding in this country and on the Continent, and their audacious exploits make an astounding story.

The arrest of Klein was the outcome of several months of concerted police work, and was carried out by the French police on instructions telephoned to Paris by Scotland Yard. Klein was taken into custody as he was about to step into his car after leaving the Parisian branch of an English bank.

Klein, who for some years has resided in London at a flat in Mayfair, is an associate of an international gang of criminals, but he played only a minor part in this £1,500,000 conspiracy. The worst rogues are still at large.

When arrested, Klein had £30,000 in his possession. With the aid of bogus credentials which purported to show that he was a reputable London financier, he had only a few minutes before obtained the money from the Paris bank in return for a block of securities he had negotiated there.

These securities were valuable, true; but they had been stolen some months previously from a famous firm of American bond-brokers, O. J. Devine and Company, of Wall Street.

At his subsequent interrogation at Paris police headquarters, Klein said the bonds had been handed to him for disposal by another crook, named Jacob Schwartz—also well known in London—whose temporary address in Monaco Klein later supplied.

Capone's friend

But he denied that he knew that the bonds were part of the proceeds of the Wall Street robbery (one of many that have lately taken place in America, England and France).

He was lying, in order to throw the police off the scent.

Actually, the securities had been handed to him at a fashionable hotel in London by a temporary visitor to England who passed in the assumed name of Campbell. He is one of the heads of this formidable crime organisation. Campbell, who is an American notorious on two continents, is known to Scotland

Jacob Schwartz and Bernard Klein (right), pursued by the police of Europe and America in connection with a huge bond scam. Prince Louis of Monaco (left) has played an important part in aiding the police to collect evidence



Yard and the International Police by many aliases.

In earlier and less favourable days Campbell served a term of imprisonment in Sing Sing for financial frauds carried out on a big scale, and some idea of his standing in the criminal world can be gauged from the fact that he was a close and active friend of the gangster Al Capone, and is an associate of the irrepressible Jacob Factor, still wanted in England for frauds running into nearly £2,000,000.

Campbell, whose face bears the scars of wounds received in gangster warfare, originally planned the robbery which took place at the office of Devine and Company.

40 per cent. share

That was a remarkable crime feat. Under the eyes of three armed guards (who had been specially posted there because a £130,000 theft by the same organisation had been effected six weeks earlier), agents employed by Campbell entered the firm's Wall Street premises in the guise of customers and succeeded in getting away with more than £300,000 in bonds and securities which are easily negotiable in England and France.

Following this, Campbell came to London—which is used as a kind of "clearing house" by his gang—and arranged, as he has done on many other occasions, for the disposal of some of the bonds through agents like Klein and Schwartz.

An agreement was made at the London hotel where Campbell stayed for some days in an assumed name whereby Klein and Schwartz were to retain 40 per cent. of the proceeds as their share, and hand over the remainder to Campbell or one of his accredited representatives.

After Klein's arrest, Prince Louis of Monaco was communicated with, and ordered a villa at Monte Carlo to be raided. A further £90,000 was found there.

We can reveal that for many months past English, American and French detectives have been tracking down Campbell and his men.

Their investigations show that they obtained £162,000 in bonds from the United States Trust Company and disposed of them through agents in London and Paris; £78,255 from a Detroit banking corporation; £118,000 from a firm of brokers in West 90th Street, and £290,000 from another firm in Chicago.

Until recently a constant visitor to London, and a close friend of Campbell, was a man named Anthony Pasquall, otherwise Antoine de Pasquale. He, too, played a leading part in the disposal of securities, many of which were forged.

With an actress who has appeared on the English stage, Pasquall rented a magnificent villa at Cannes, maintained an expensive suite at a London hotel, and ran a luxury yacht on which many prominent people were entertained. These were ignorant, of course, of the real characters of their host and hostess.

The yacht, like the hotel suite and the Cannes villa, was the scene of many hilarious gatherings, and some of the gang's plots were effected amid its gay surroundings.

A few months back, when Pasquall was staying in London, Scotland Yard detectives had cause to visit him. They questioned him closely about his movements here, but he denied that he was associated with the "Grey Glove Financiers"—as he and his colleagues are known in the United States.

In order to save his own skin, however, Pasquall gave information about one of his agents in London. As a result, this man, who at that time was wanted for some of these bond frauds, only eluded arrest by a matter of minutes.

Pasquall's "squealing" leaked out, and, after an abortive attempt had been made on his life in the South of France, he was murdered in a Broadway café by an assailant who remains unknown.

There are several women members of this criminal combine. One, who has made certain confessions to the police, has lately been living in fear of her life.

Trade stunt

The names by which some of the other American leaders in this conspiracy are known, and about whom Scotland Yard and the French police have collected a mass of information, are Legenza (a notorious share swindler), Gillis (an international confidence trickster), Hartman (who was once a hairdresser, but has latterly passed as a man of "independent means"), Chambers, Mais and Hamilton.

All have paid visits to London and the Continent in connection with this remarkable conspiracy.

Campbell and Legenza were concerned not long ago in a colossal fraud run from

offices in London and Paris, to promote a scheme to provide millions of pounds for the "revival" of English trade in France.

More than £200,000 was obtained from supporters of the campaign in England and France and, though several agents were arrested and sentenced in Paris for the lesser parts they played in the swindle, the real criminals—as now—managed to evade justice.

Many of the securities lodged then with banks, and other creditors, in return for loans and overdrafts, have since been found to be forgeries.

One of the most unfortunate aspects of this colossal conspiracy is that while the robberies mostly take place in America and the arrangements for the disposal of the proceeds are made in England, the final frauds are actually perpetrated in Continental cities. Thus, arrest and prosecution entail costly and long-drawn-out extradition proceedings.

Posed as banker

A glaring instance of this concerns a man who, with several others, recently sold fabricated bonds to banks and brokers in different parts of France. He posed as a British banker, and French police officers were actually waiting to arrest him on his expected return to Paris from London. But he failed to turn up.

And, though Scotland Yard knows where he is in London, and could apprehend him without difficulty, extradition proceedings have not been applied for. So, like many of his fraternity, he goes scot free.

Indeed, there is no doubt that still closer co-operation between Scotland Yard and the police chiefs of America and France is necessary before the "big fry"—some of the foremost members of whom we have named in this conspiracy—can be brought to suffer the long and appropriate penalties they so richly deserve.

Your Beacon

The "Belisha Beacon" affords an apt reminder to the pedestrian of the perils of the road. Now another kind of "Belisha Beacon" is needed, a reminder to the housewife and to the children of the perils of fire.

A swinging skirt has all too often swiftly proved inflammable when in contact with a fire, frequently with fatal results. A reader in Huddersfield who was undressing before her electric fire was indeed fortunate to escape with severe burns about her legs.

She found herself enveloped in flames, but her cries brought her husband up the stairs, and he wrapped her in a blanket. Her life was saved.

Our Huddersfield reader was under the doctor's care for a month, and for that month it was necessary to employ a daily help. Additional expense to be met that could hardly be borne, but it happened that this Huddersfield family are registered readers of JOHN BULL.

We sent a cheque for the benefits provided under our Free Insurance Scheme, and you will be wise if you turn to page 38 and fill in the coupon enabling you to take advantage should the occasion arise.

LEG ULCERS AND SKIN DISEASES ENDED

Why do you suffer so long?

HUNDREDS of sufferers from Leg Troubles and Skin Diseases are being cured by the National Infirmary at Manchester. The Treatment is available to you. If you suffer from a Bad Leg or Skin Disease or if you have a Relative or Friend who suffers and needs help, the National Infirmary will send you full particulars of the Tremol System of Treatment.

GOOD NEWS FOR YOU

Do not lose heart even if you have suffered for years. Your trouble is not hopeless because ointments, tablets, and plasters and other so-called remedies have failed, after years of trial, to end your suffering. These things fail because they are not suited to your needs.

It does not matter how long you have suffered, the National Infirmary Treatment cures in long-standing cases and in those of shorter duration. Every symptom and underlying cause of your leg trouble is treated to bring about a speedy cure. Long-standing troubles that have caused years of agony have been cured in a few weeks by the National Infirmary. Just as others have been cured, so can you. Don't despair even if you have suffered half a lifetime. Send in for full particulars of the Treatment at once. You can have them without any obligation.

POWERFUL BLOOD TREATMENT THAT CURES

Blood treatment specially prescribed and compounded for you by the National Infirmary, rapidly expels impurities, promotes good circulation, relieves congestion, kills inward pains and restores health to every diseased tissue. With this great vitalizing power of the internal blood treatment, every nerve, every vein, every gland and every cell tissue gains new health and strength. Your leg is healed, your skin made well. Your general bodily health built up. You have new vigour, new health, more energy, and greater pleasure in life.

This Treatment specially prepared for you quickly clears ulcers, eczema, psoriasis, skin eruptions. Morbid matter and blood impurities come away. Re-infection of the blood, or poisoning of the tissues, is stopped. Healthy skin forms free from scale or scab, pain passes away, itches stops, smarting ceases and you get about in comfort all the time your trouble is being cured.

Here is the health opportunity you cannot afford to miss. These splendid cures are obtained daily by the National Infirmary Treatment. To have these grand health benefits you must, without delay, fill in your coupon for the free Medical Book and advice.

THE CAUSE OF ULCERS —AND THE CURE

Ulcers often start from a knock or a scratch. The hurt, instead of healing, becomes inflamed and painful. Pus forms which poisons skin and connective

tissue, which quickly become unhealthy and break down. The wound gets bigger, more inflamed, and more painful. Often the pain is like a knife or hot needles in the leg. Sufferers do not know what is best to do; resting does not give any relief—sleep is impossible. Ordinary remedies are useless. Stock ointments are simply a waste of time and money. To cure these painful, inflamed traumatic ulcers, proper individual treatment is a necessity.

With Varicose veins in the leg ulcers frequently break out without any injury at all. A small black speck appears on the skin. It is a small clot of unhealthy blood thrown out by the capillary veins. As the clot comes away, a hole, only the size of a pin-head, is left in the skin. It is not to be ignored as a trifling matter. If neglected that small wound will rapidly become the size of a two-shilling piece or even the size of the hand. These blood clots show unhealthy blood, weak veins, bad circulation, congested tissues, all of which prevent normal healing from taking place. One preparation cannot heal all these different disease conditions. Thorough Treatment to clear the blood, restore the veins, improve the circulation, and disperse the congestion is what you need. Write to the National Infirmary at once, and have the Book without delay.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM ECZEMA?

This is the most common disease of the skin. Any part may be affected and the trouble may arise in many ways. Blood



impurities, Insect bites, Germ infection, Food poisoning, Over-heated blood, Long-standing Varicose Veins, Mental worry and shock are some of the causes of this distressing skin disease. Drugs

—as with chemical workers, Starch—as with bakers, Soaps—as with laundry workers, Plants—as with gardeners, irritate sensitive skins and also set up an Eczema condition. At the onset the skin becomes red, inflamed, congested and terribly itchy. Fluid escapes through the pores, dries and forms scales, which then again block up the pores. More fluid accumulates under dead scales, and there is more inflammation and more itchiness. If you suffer you feel you could "tear the skin to pieces" to get relief. But at what a terrible cost. You know you must not scratch, but to have the itchiness and irritation and leave it alone is more than you can bear. You can be rid of this distress. Your relief is here at hand. Send for full particulars of the National Infirmary's Treatment.



Plate A.

Plate A.—Ulcer caused by a knock. Swelling occurs at the back of the leg, leading to sluggish blood circulation and congestion. Ulcer is on the track of a large vein and there is great internal blood pressure. Treatment to relieve the blood pressure, promote good circulation and a healthy condition of the blood required. If you have the same leg trouble you too can be cured. Send for the book and learn how.

Plate B.—Varicose Veins, Eczema and Ulcer. Due to Weak Veins, Poor Blood and Congestion of Tissue. The dark patch shown on plate is usually brown or purple in colour. Black spots appear on the skin. These are small clots of unhealthy blood thrown out from the capillary veins. The leg feels heavy and is easily tired. The blood does not circulate freely to the ulcer unless proper and thorough Treatment is applied. Under the National Infirmary Treatments hundreds of serious leg ulcers as shown have been soundly and permanently cured. You cannot afford to neglect your opportunity now. Write for the Book.



Plate B.

Leg troubles yield to the National Infirmary Treatment



IF YOU SUFFER FROM

PSORIASIS you must attack the trouble at once. This stubborn disease quickly becomes rooted in the system. Large disfiguring patches of redness and scales break out and cause great distress. Those white thin scales on the red patches get thicker, encrusted and yellow. Soon the trouble is chronic and you may suffer for years. A

Leg Psoriasis

splendid treatment has been evolved for this distressing malady of Psoriasis. This Treatment is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of present and former sufferers. The results are, indeed most gratifying. Many stubborn cases which have defied all efforts for years have yielded to Tremol Treatment, and a healthy skin has been obtained by the sufferer from its use.

This powerful treatment, specially prescribed for you, clears the scalp of unsightly scale and scurf and pimples; clears the skin of scale and redness. The Psoriasis spots and patches fade away and a new, clean, healthy skin is obtained. The treatment is easy to use, and is applied in the privacy of your own home. Send for full particulars of this excellent treatment without delay.

VARICOSE VEINS AND PAINFUL LEGS

The dangers from Varicose Veins are Phlebitis, Varicose Ulcers, Thrombosis, Eczema, Rupture of the Vein Walls and Hemorrhage.

Perhaps you have a constant heaviness and aching in your legs. Sometimes actual pain is experienced and the legs feel tired and uncomfortable. These symptoms show that your legs require thorough and proper treatment now. Your leg trouble arises from faulty blood circulation. Under Tremol Treatment the vein walls become toned up and strengthened, the blood circulation is improved, venous congestion passes away and such symptoms of varicosity as dull aching pain, tiredness, heaviness of the legs, varicose swelling are relieved and cured. Get the free Illustrated Book now. Fill in the Coupon to-day, and send it to-day to the National Infirmary, Gt. Clowes Street, Manchester.

If you suffer you should have advice from the infirmary at once.

Fill in Coupon for Free Medical Book.

VALUABLE MEDICAL BOOK — F R E E

This book has been written to help you. A free copy and full particulars of the Treatment will be sent to you by the National Infirmary.

FILL IN YOUR COUPON NOW.

THIS BOOK GIVES VITAL FACTS ON

- Blood and its circulation.
- How ulcers form.
- How ulcers heal.
- How to know a genuine cure.
- False Healing and True Healing.
- What to get for your leg.
- Effects of long standing.
- Why Rest does not cure.
- How to kill pain.
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STATE COMPLAINT

National College of Health, Ltd.

"THEY are the bonniest children I have ever seen." In those words a medical man described Sonia and Patricia Whiting soon after their birth in a Bristol nursing home.

And there was reason for the doctor's enthusiasm. For Sonia and Patricia were declared to be the heaviest twins ever born in the West of England. Indeed, it was a question whether they did not make a record for the whole of Britain.

When they were born, the combined weight of the twins was no less than 18 lb. Sonia, the elder by five minutes, weighed 8½ lb., while her sister turned the scale at 9½ lb.

Not only were the twins so exceptionally weighty, they were remarkably strong and healthy in every way—two perfect, lovely babies.

Quite naturally the arrival of these record twins attracted general attention and interest. Their pictures appeared in local and national newspapers, doctors were taken to see the wonder babies, and women called at the nursing home begging to be shown the twins.

Congratulations were showered on the proud parents, Mr. and Mrs. P. G. Whiting. It was recalled that their son—now aged six—was said to be the heaviest baby in the world when eleven months old, weighing then 41 lb.

Rapid progress

Mr. Whiting is a young man in a good position. He is connected with the firm of Joseph Whiting and Son, manufacturers of art furniture, and is much respected in Bristol.

It was when he was serving with the British Army of Occupation on the Rhine that he met the German girl who became his wife, and they were married before Mr. Whiting returned to civilian life.

When the twins came Mrs. Whiting, greatly to her distress, was unable to nurse them, and, in consequence, advice on feeding was sought from the doctor of a clinic under the Bristol Department of Public Health.

In her opinion the twins were advancing rather too rapidly, and it was suggested that they should be taken to the local Children's and Women's Hospital, St. Michael's Hill.

Here they were put under observation, and were declared to be in perfect condition, and as the hospital had no accommodation for healthy babies, the parents were advised to send Sonia and Patricia to the Bristol Day and Night

TWIN BABES' Death Mystery



The "record" twins being weighed at the age of two weeks. A few weeks later they were dead

Nursery and Training Centre, Ashley Road, Bristol.

These nurseries were highly recommended at the hospital. The father was told that he need not have the slightest anxiety in entrusting the twins to the Nursery—an institution which does much admirable work. They would there receive the greatest care, and a short rest from the babies would be of benefit to his wife.

During last year the Nursery received a grant of £249 from the Ministry of Health, and considerable contributions from charitable subscriptions and a flag day collection. Also on the receipts side are fees for the training of probationers. Further, parents who place their children in the Nursery are required to make payment, as their circumstances permit, for the service.

The President of the Nursery is the

"Your minds must be completely bewildered with shock at the moment, for I myself—though I am frequently seeing death—can hardly conceive that the twins are dead.

"I know how much you must regret—thinking how strong the children were and what they might have become."

With the sorrow of the father was mingled indignation. He felt that something unaccountable had happened which needed investigation and explanation.

First he approached the St. Michael's Hill Hospital, and received in reply a sympathetic letter from the President, who explained that the Day and Night Nursery had nothing whatever to do with the Children's Hospital, and added:

Repudiation

"The right procedure would be for you to write a protest to the Chairman of Committee of the D. and N. Nursery, giving him or her all the facts as you have stated them to me, and I feel sure they will make a thorough investigation. I have already instructed our house doctor to prepare notes of the children so that such may be available. I hope you will be able to find some explanation of the sad event, or at least to prevent a repetition."

Mr. Whiting then placed all the facts before the hon. secretary of the Day and Night Nursery.

Much to his surprise the answer returned was from the solicitor who acts for the nursery, and in this it was stated: "My clients see no necessity for such an investigation as you demand."

Further correspondence followed, in which the solicitor repudiated all blame or carelessness, and then Mr. Whiting received this rather brusque letter:—

"I have your letter of June 24, but as you make so many accusations against the Home, the Committee and the doctor, it is quite impossible to continue the correspondence. If you feel aggrieved I assume that you will take such steps in the matter as your solicitors may advise."

Beyond help

Those are the facts of a very distressing case. When the "Record Twins" entered the Bristol Day and Night Nursery they were perfectly healthy and strong. When they were removed they were in such dire condition that no medical skill could save them.

We say emphatically that the deaths of Sonia and Patricia Whiting should be the subject of an enquiry, and that a public investigation is imperative.

The nursery exists by the contributions of the public and the grant of the Ministry of Health.

We feel certain that the Bristol City Council will see that some action on the part of its Medical Officer of Health is called for, following our disclosures.

Write to
JOHN BULL
About It!

Dowager Duchess of Beaufort, the Bishop of Bristol is named among the vice-presidents, and there is an influential management committee.

So to the Day and Night Nursery Sonia and Patricia, the record twins, were sent in order that their feeding might be regulated in a scientific manner. The nursery is a semi-public establishment.

Every day while the twins were there the father made telephone enquiries as to how they were. Invariably he was told they were "doing splendidly."

After a fortnight Mr. and Mrs. Whiting visited their babies—the first opportunity available, as the mother had been away—and when they saw Sonia and Patricia they were horrified and alarmed at the outward change which had taken place.

Immediate arrangements were made for the twins to be taken home. They were fetched next day by motor-car, and the chauffeur—the same driver who conveyed the babies to the Nursery—was actually in tears when he saw them carried out.

Fight for life

The family doctor, called to examine them, found Sonia and Patricia were both suffering from bronchial pneumonia, gastric enteritis, under-nourishment and septic sores and blisters.

He advised that they should be sent at once to St. Michael's Hill Children's Hospital. Here the medical and nursing staff fought for the life of the two babies. But they fought in vain.

One child died on June 5, the other a week later. Their case had been hopeless from the moment of readmission to the hospital. In each instance death

Major's One-Man Bureau

"MONUMENTS do not make the immortality of leaders," a wise philosopher once said, and the morality of his wisdom might well be applied to the coveted decoration boasted by Major Henry Rippon Seymour, of Sinclair Gardens, London, W.14, who was fined the other day for falsely representing himself to be entitled to the D.S.O.

A few years ago he was "President" of an organisation called the National Fascisti, but in recent months he has contrived to shine as a champion of ex-Service men.

He has been calling on stockbrokers and others in influential positions in the City, soliciting donations towards the funds of a concern he calls the Ex-Service Men's Publicity Bureau.

The avowed object of this enterprise is to provide work for unemployed men who were formerly soldiers or sailors, but the Major combines a certain business acumen with his philanthropy.

His plan is to secure contracts for envelope addressing and door-to-door delivery at 5s. a thousand letters, but he pays the men he employs 5s. 6d. The loss he would otherwise endure he seeks

to make good from the public. Major Seymour does not encourage supervision by a committee, and ignores the existence of well-known philanthropic bodies that care for ex-Service men. The only difficulty seems to be that his private income is insufficient to finance his project.

The same thing happened when he took over the reins of the National Fascisti. The rent was unpaid, the black shirts ordered for members were not paid for, the seamstress sought in vain for settlement. The original organisation broke up because of its debts.

Major Seymour stepped into the breach, promoting himself to "Lieut.-Colonel" for the purpose, though his promotion, like his vaunted "D.S.O.," was purely imaginary.

The National Fascisti, reincarnated by Lieut.-Colonel Seymour, got itself into bad repute when the "Colonel" was fined £5 for threatening a former associate with a revolver.

The Ex-Service Men's Publicity Bureau is a registered business name, and Major Seymour is described on the register as the proprietor.

IN one of the newest chemical works in the South of England (a firm which is working night and day, sharing to the full in the "industrial revival" which is taking place throughout the country), men sit through the twenty-four hours watching the danger marks on dials and indicators which cover the fronts of giant stills and gas compressors.

They sit through their entire shifts in a heated fume-laden atmosphere.

At the meal "breaks" they eat their food in the same atmosphere. (That is, if they can eat their food. For the fumes of the chemical they are distilling have an effect on the lungs and the stomach lining which is not good for the appetite.)

Occasionally the routine of their daily jobs involves cleaning out the tanks and compressors. In one room there is only one gas mask for every thirty men. The mask and its associated apparatus is so "efficient" that the man who wears it can stay inside a tank for only two minutes.

Just enough time to throw a bucketful of the cleansing chemical blindly about the inner walls of the tank. Then he is hauled up by his mate to lie gasping outside the man-hole cover while another man dons the mask and goes down.

Most of the men have big blisters all over their hands, the result of handling "still" containers at high temperatures. They are not supplied with asbestos gloves.

At home, a feature of the mantelpiece in the living-room is a bottle of stomach tablets and iodine for blistered hands. Occasionally the men fall ill. They complain of chest pains and have high temperatures and they are sent into the local infirmary. Occasionally they die. And the medical certificate says "Pneumonia."

Grim humour

There are all kinds of ways of earning bread.

These men who spend their working lives preparing some of the latest industrial applications of organic chemistry, and absorbing samples of it into their lungs and stomach, get 1s. 4d. to 1s. 8d. per hour for the privilege.

The law says that men working among dangerous chemicals must have separate eating-places for their dinner hour. Such a place, a canteen, is provided in compliance with the law. But the men do not use it.

To get their legal protection in this respect means that more men will have to be taken on to relieve them in watching the indicators while they are away at their dinner spell. And they are given quite clearly to understand that if they insist on their rights—if extra men have to be taken on—then they will have certain pay and "time off" privileges docked considerably.

So they put up with the fumes and wink at the broken law. "It's all in the day's work," they say. So are the other law evasions, like the lack of efficient gas masks and proper covering for their skins.

Who is there to see that they get proper protection? Why—the factory inspectors. But according to some of the men the last time an inspector visited that factory was over a year ago. And then that official only had time to see the men's wash-room and lavatory arrangements which were duly unlocked for his—or her—inspection.

At another chemical factory in the London area men work all day handling containers of dangerous acids as if they were bottles of water. Accidents, terrible accidents, are frequent.

There are mechanical safety appliances for the handling of such chemicals. This firm has few or



His report, revealing the heavy toll of workers' lives, is a blot on British industry: Mr. D. R. Wilson, Chief Inspector of Factories. Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd (right) Home Office Under-Secretary, has promised a new and stricter Factories Act, but we must have it quickly

none of them. The men use their own arms and bodies. If you ask them where this handling machinery is they point to men carrying containers in their arms. "Armstrong's Patent," they call it, with grim humour.

Inspectors visit this factory at rare intervals. For the simple reason that there are a hundred or more factories in this area and one inspector for the lot.

He does his best, visits, censures, makes recommendations. But he knows, and everybody knows, that it will be months before he is round again. Improvements, which are costly, can take their time about coming into operation. If they are never done the inspector can do little about it.

He can only wait until there is a succession of accidents and then he (if he feels strongly enough about it) can prosecute the factory owner for flagrant breach of safety regulations. The result is a small fine—a fraction of what adequate safety measures would cost.

The two little pictures we have given happen to have been taken from one industry. But we could have gone to many another for these introductory examples to our exposure.

The various branches of the metal industry, for instance, where men work all day inhaling manganese and copper dust or the dangerous gases given off from castings.

The pottery industry, where men's lungs turn to stone from inhaling deadly dust or are slowly cut to pieces in the sandblast rooms! The machine and engineering industry, where men lose limbs or lives through unprotected shafting and revolving machinery! The tar and oil industry, where men contract crippling or fatal skin complaints through contact with deadly material. . . .

Callous

And the type of instance we have quoted, in its callousness towards the worker and the inadequacy of the protection he receives, is not exceptional in the industry we have mentioned or in any other. It is common.

If you want to see how general is this kind of murder, look at the casualty lists of industry—the last annual report of the Chief Inspector of Factories and Workshops.

There you will find official admissions which should be enough to make anybody think. The figures

alone should be enough; never mind the details.

Accidents, for instance, are 32 per cent. up on 1933. Fatalities are 22 per cent. more than that year.

Worse still, from some points of view, are the accident figures among young people below the age of eighteen. They are at the outset of life—the workers of the future—and they are being crippled and thrown on the scrap heap at a terrible rate. In seven years the excess of young people's accidents over adults' has risen from 3 per cent. to 22 per cent.

The Home Office is trying to gloss over the purport of these alarming figures. Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, the Under-Secretary, admitted that they were a "disquieting feature" of the inspectors' reports and then said that these figures were, unfortunately, the "reverse side of the medal of the great industrial revival."

Cowardly excuse

It is no good trying to blame these casualty lists on the revival of industry. Besides being the most cowardly and evasive excuse that any Government could produce to cover the results of its own inaction, it is a plea that might well have been conceived in Bedlam.

For the obvious implication is that if men did not work they would not be hurt. And that a return to the Depression would be a cure for the toll of industrial accidents.

The position the Government faces to-day is an annual casualty list of over 200,000 in industry and a death-roll of more than 2,000. And those figures are steadily and rapidly rising; 1936 will be worse. The Government must find a better way out than hoping for a return of empty factories and filled "dole" queues.

We admit it is a problem. Who wouldn't?

But the Government is fighting the situation with inadequate or out-of-date weapons. The main Factory Act upon which most of the protective legislation is based is thirty-five years old. When it was born it never claimed to be more than a temporising measure. For it was carried through in the teeth of the fiercest opposition from the Victorian industrial magnates and was watered down considerably in the process.

And while industry has changed enormously in the interval much the same truncated powers remain under



The tragic picture of the injured workman being inset in many a factory where new

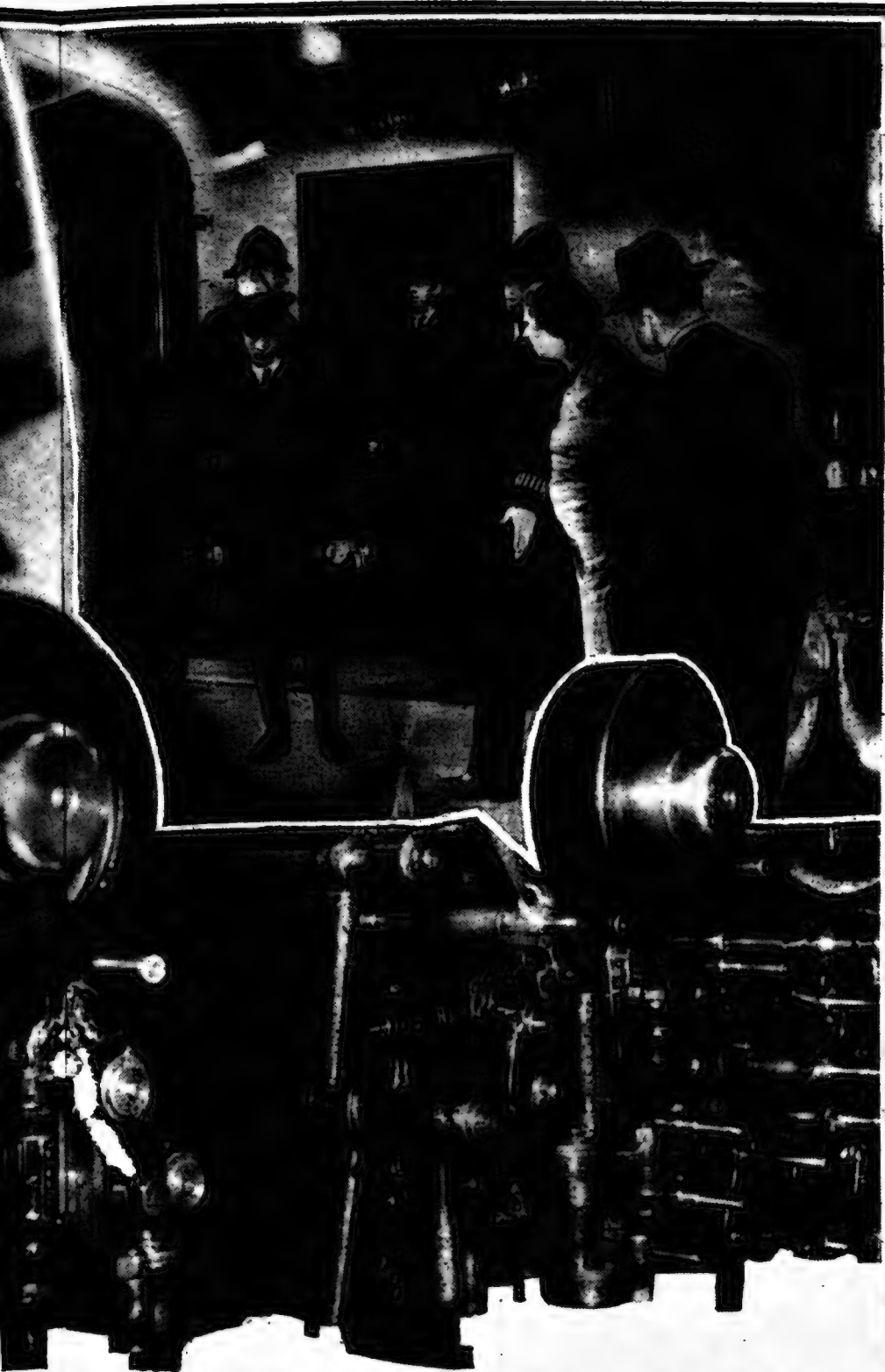
the old Act, with the same piffling penalties for any transgressions. Added to this the officials who have to see that the Factory Acts are observed have not increased in number to keep pace with the rising tide of industry.

Last year there was a total of only 254 inspectors to oversee the arrangements of 542,746 factories and similar establishments which come under the Acts.

Therefore, each inspector has to get round over 2,000 of these places within a year—or about six calls a

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MURDER Must END



Red workman being brought out by stretcher-bearers is unfortunately one that could be factory where new machinery has rendered futile the obsolete Factory Acts

day, seven days a week. Even if such a prodigy of energy existed he could only make one inspection per factory a year. And it does not say much for the thoroughness of the inspection if he has to get through six places a day.

Obviously, he does nothing of the kind. But it is enormously to the credit of these overworked men and women of the Home Office inspectorate that they managed to get in more than 300,000 visits last year. Yet even so that means that there were scores of thousands of estab-

lishments which saw no inspector at all in that year.

Is it any wonder that there is wholesale flagrant violation of the Factory Acts provisions all over the country?

The rarity of inspection is an open invitation to the callous or sweating employer to take what liberties he likes with the lives and conditions of employment of his workpeople.

There were only 251 prosecutions in 1935 for breach of safety regulations. In 194 of these cases the employer's neglect had caused death or

It Kills or Maims 200,000 a Year

injury to his workpeople. Yet the total amount of fines imposed under these prosecutions was only £2,463—or less than £10 per employer.

It often costs considerably more than £10 to put safety fencing round a machine to protect the limbs of the worker; and no doubt there are employers in that list of prosecutions who thought that to face the fine instead was good business. Nobody, however, has bothered to ask the crippled workman what he thought—or the widow of one of the dead.

There is one other fact we may cite which shows something of the difficulties under which the inspectors work. The Chief Inspector hints in his report that the worst culprits are among the small employers. (Presumably he knows that from his staff's reports, for the official figures do not compare accidents with the numbers of men employed.)

He says, very mildly: "The principal opportunity for improvement lies, in my view, in the education of the smaller employers, some of whom through callousness and a spirit of *laissez faire* take insufficient pains to secure maximum security for their workers."

Other aspect

But it is these small factories (employing from 25 to 250 persons) which have increased in such an enormous number in recent years. These small factories now employ 2,658,000 workers—more than half the total employed in the country.

Apart from the general and consistent evasion of the safety regulations, the effects of which are reflected in those appalling accident figures, there is another aspect from which our rotten Factory Acts stand condemned.

And that is on the hours of employment and conditions of labour.

The "sweat shop" factory or workroom, which has been discussed endlessly across the floor of the House of Commons for a generation, seems to-day to be flourishing more than ever. Its tragedies do not appear in the accident statistics, but they fill the hospitals and swell the parish relief payments.

Miss Emily J. Slocock, the Superintending Inspector of the particular branch at the Home Office which

deals with hours of employment, produced many cases last year of "gross overwork of young persons almost incredible in these days." That is strong language for an official report, but her facts merit it.

One firm in the Midland Division employing 200 workers had been employing "protected persons," including girls of fourteen and fifteen, for the last three years from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m. Another factory had been worked continuously for more than a year. Workers in a silk factory were employed eighty hours a week on day shift and seventy-two on night.

Boys in a furniture factory worked from 8 a.m. till 10 or 11 at night. One boy was dismissed because he refused to work till 9. Women cotton spinners were being worked seventy-one hours a week with insufficient mealtimes. Girls in a plastics factory did a steady twelve hours a day.

The excuse for all this abominable overworking is the "industrial revival." But what a price to pay for it. And who is getting the benefits?

Hear what the Inspector has to say again: "A distressing fact about these long hours is that they are generally worked by the least physically fit portion of the population. The best workers tend to go to the best employers and the weakest to drift to the factories with the longest hours and the least good conditions."

"There is a great demand for labour," adds the Inspector. "Some of the night shifts consist entirely of youths eighteen to twenty years of age. Sometimes in the same works men in an organised trade were found working forty-eight hours weekly, while women and girls over sixteen were working up to the legal limits. In one case they were found to have been employed for more than three months, on power presses making domestic hardware, for sixty hours weekly."

Teach him

Last year only 252 firms were prosecuted for employment offences under the Act, although they were brought up on a total of 1,451 charges. Yet the entire fines imposed—their punishment for sweating their employees—came to £1,283. In other words, less than £5 per firm, less than £1 per charge.

This sweating of young persons and of women and girls is as much industrial murder as is committed in the factory whose machinery and product is a death-trap to the worker.

It must be ended. £1 fines for working children to death, £10 fines for crippling or killing workers, will not end it.

What the country wants is an entirely new Factories Act framed to cover industrial conditions to-day and those likely to develop in the near future. We have not got it yet. All we have got is a promise made by Mr. Geoffrey Lloyd, the Home Office Under-Secretary, that a new Act may be introduced next session. But it is only a promise and no hint has appeared yet about the nature or scope of this new Act.

What we want now while we are awaiting the fulfilment of that promise is the immediate extension of the inspectorate staff at the Home Office, because this at least can be done before Parliament sits again.

When it does sit the nation will want to see that the promise of proper factories legislation is fully and promptly kept. It must be final and complete. No more £5 fines for killing workmen, but a real stick to beat the rotten employer with and a strong hand to administer the blow.

He must be taught, not only "Safety First," but that "Safety Pays."



SIGNS of the TIMES

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WHICH COUNTS IN POSTAL TUITION



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Laviger was about to fling the blazing torch . . . Instantly
I drew my Mauser and fired

DYNAMITE BATTLE

What Has Happened

"Operator 1384" and an American
named McCann are members of
"L'Espionnage Central," a secret ser-
vice offshoot of the French Foreign
Legion.

They are pitted against "The White
Tuareg," a renegade white man at the
head of a gang of slave and dope
traffickers.

Thrilling adventures in the desert
eventually lead them into the slave
chief's headquarters, where they first
encounter his sister, the beautiful
Princess Teza.

TEZA saw my embarrassment and
smiled. "I understand," she
said. "You want to find my
brother, the White Tuareg. I
shall tell you nothing, and you
will never arrest him."

"That remains to be seen, Princess,"
I answered.

I told her that if she told all she knew
I would do what I could for her brother,
but before I could make a definite pro-
mise I must see him.

She said she would arrange a meeting
that evening.

It was towards sunset that the door
of the room opened and a man came in.
He was a tall, slim young man, with
brown hair, deep blue eyes, and a good
strong mouth, and wore long flowing
blue robes over riding breeches and top-
boots of European make.

"Good evening, gentlemen," he said,
with a friendly smile. "My name is
Paul Donaldson. Teza, my sister, tells
me that you wish to see me. I am the
White Tuareg."

Donaldson, having supplied us with
cigarettes, proceeded to tell us one of
the most extraordinary stories to which
I had ever listened.

During his school days, he said, he had
been in the care of a guardian, when
he heard for the first time that his
father, broken-hearted at the loss of his
wife, had severed his connections with
his native country and gone abroad.

Beyond the fact that his father, when
last he had been heard of, was some-
where in Southern Algeria, his guardian
could give him no information, and he

had set to work to get the information
for himself.

For a long time he wandered about
Tunis and Algeria. But he found no one
who had seen or even heard of his
father. He then joined the Foreign
Legion.

He went on to tell us that he got into
trouble through striking a sergeant and
was sentenced to the Penal Battalion at
Biribi. There he met Herthog, and they
became very friendly, eventually escap-
ing together.

For several weeks the two of them
wandered about the desert, somehow con-
triving to live, until one day, more dead
than alive, they were found by a band
of wandering Tuaregs.

They had taken them with them and
given them the opportunity of joining
the tribe. He had accepted and thrown
himself heart and soul into his new life,
and gradually had made a great name
for himself and won high honour among
the Tuaregs as a fighting man.

During that time he had heard talk
of a white man who had risen to the
position of a great noble among the
Tuaregs; but, though he persistently
tried to persuade the Tuaregs to let him
meet this famous chief, they always
refused.

It was only later, when the chief had
died and Donaldson was taken to the
Hidden City and met Teza, that he
learned that the dead chief was his
father and Teza his half-sister.

He was chosen as chief in his father's
place because of his fighting qualities.

"But quite frankly," he went on, "I'm
tired of the whole thing and want to
get out of it."

"I know all there is to be known
about Laviger's crowd and their methods,
and if I give you all the information you
need to clear up the whole business,
then it's up to you to guarantee me a
free pardon. The question is—Can you
guarantee it?"

We talked the matter over, and it was
arranged between us that if he would
supply me with the information I needed
I would guarantee a free pardon for him-
self and Herthog.

Donaldson was still giving me particu-
lars and advising me what steps to take

Concluding:

Vultures of
the Desert
by
Secret Service
Operator 1384

to deal with Laviger, when we heard an
uproar outside the house.

Outside the gate I saw a large band of
Tuaregs, waving their arms and shout-
ing. Some of them were trying to open
the gate, but the task was beyond them.
I glanced at Donaldson. He was frown-
ing.

"This looks like trouble," he said.
He strode from the room, and McCann
and I, drawing our Mausers, went after
him. We followed him up to the flat
roof, and as we stepped on to it, Donald-
son paused. "Wait here," he said, and
strode forward to the low parapet.

From where I was standing I could
see the shouting, gesticulating crowd
outside the gates. The White Tuareg,
at any rate, was no coward.

One of the Tuaregs stepped close
to the gate and called to Donald-
son to go down and speak to him.
Donaldson went and we saw him ap-
proach the gate and open the grille.

Their conversation lasted only a few
seconds, and then the Tuareg addressed
a few sharp words to his companions,
and the whole crowd
promptly turned away and
disappeared into the dark-
ness.

We returned to the room
and found Teza in conver-
sation with the old Mara-
bout. Donaldson came in
and I asked him how he had
managed to get rid of the Tuaregs.

"I haven't got rid of them for long,"
he answered. "They have agreed to
wait for three days, and we had better
make the most of them."

"Any man who tried to leave the
mountains during the next three days,"
he said, "would simply be throwing his
life away. I know every inch of this
country as well as any Tuareg knows it,
but even I shouldn't have the least
chance."

"There's one man who could get
through, Donaldson," I said. "No Tuareg
would dare to harm a Marabout."

All three of us glanced towards the
old Marabout. With a smile on his face,
he stepped forward and laid his hand
on my arm.

"My son, say no more," he said. "You
are my friends and I will gladly go."

Early the next morning Donaldson
roused me and told me that Herthog
had just arrived. Leaving McCann fast
asleep, I hurriedly dressed and followed
Donaldson.

As we entered the room Herthog
(Continued on page 24)

Fitness through the forties

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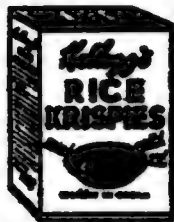
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AND PREVENTION
OF INFLAMED
TENDER OR
BLEEDING GUMS
(GINGIVITIS)
AND PYORRHOEA**

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STA-BLOND

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Last of the White Tuareg



PRINCESS TEZA gambled with fate
to win freedom for her lover

sprang to his feet, crossed to meet me, grasped my hand and shook it heartily. Teza and Donaldson, he said, had told him what had happened and what we had planned for the future, and he was overwhelmed with gratitude.

I questioned Herthog about Laviger. He assured me that he was not far away, and that if only we could find some means of getting outside we could probably arrest him.

"Teza tells me," he said, "that her father had a secret passage built from this house to the Tuareg villages outside, but we have never managed to find it. If we could find that we'd soon have Laviger."

A little later McCann put in an appearance, and when he had drunk his coffee we went outside to make an inspection of the defences.

Donaldson told me that somewhere in the house was a secret store of ammunition, but he had no idea where it was hidden.

Dynamite!

The four of us made a thorough search, and eventually, after many hours of fruitless labour, we discovered a considerable supply of ammunition in a hole beneath the cellar. There was enough stuff there to blow the whole house to pieces, and McCann was particularly delighted with several sticks of dynamite which he unearthed.

All through the third night we sat there waiting for dawn to break; and when at last daylight came we got up from our cushions, crossed to the window and saw that the Tuaregs were already waiting outside the gate.

Donaldson, the rest of us following him, strode from the room and went up to the roof. Again, just as he had done three days before, he ordered us to stay at the back of the roof, strode forward to the parapet and stood facing the crowd of Tuaregs.

There he told the horde of his desire to leave, with his sister, on friendly terms.

The answer was a volley, and Donaldson, turning on his heel, shed all his dignity and ran into the shelter of the house.

For a time the Tuaregs kept up a constant fusillade, to which we made but little reply. We contented ourselves with sniping at the more venturesome among them who attempted to climb the gate, with the result that every shot we fired found its mark.

Several times they withdrew, only to advance again as furiously as ever; and then, just as we saw them rushing towards the gate, waving their weapons and shouting, McCann jumped to his feet.

He hurried from the room, and a few moments later I saw him outside. In his hand was a stick of dynamite, and he was making his way cautiously in the direction of the gate. A few yards from the gate he paused, and I saw him toss the stick over.

Terror

As it fell amongst the Tuaregs outside he turned and dashed back into the house. He had scarcely reached it when there came the roar of an explosion, which shook the house, followed by screams of terror from the Tuaregs.

The only result of McCann's daring raid was to make the Tuaregs wild with rage. Their fire became twice as fierce, and they began making furious attempts to batter down the gate.

McCann, while we kept up a constant fire, repeated his performance with two more sticks of dynamite. One of them fell, as he had intended, right in the midst of the Tuaregs, but the other fell just inside the gate.

Again there came a terrific explosion, and when the dust and smoke had cleared away the gate was lying on the ground, shattered. Dozens of Tuaregs, blown to pieces, were scattered about,

and a swarm of them was pouring through the opening.

This was too much for the Tuaregs. As the sound of the explosion went echoing among the mountains those that were still able to stand turned and rushed helter-skelter through the gateway.

All through the next night they made attack after attack against us, and if it had not been for McCann's dynamite we could not have held out against them for ten minutes, though we were firing like madmen, and our pistols and rifles got too hot for us to hold.

When daylight came we could see the havoc we had wrought among the Tuaregs during the night. Hundreds lay on the ground, some of them only wounded, but many of them blown to pieces.

To the rescue

The next attack came shortly after noon. They came forward in short rushes. McCann, with the last two sticks of his precious dynamite in his hand, was ready for them.

He waited until the Tuaregs were within about ten yards of the house; and then, with a "Give 'em hot, boys!" he flung the dynamite. At the same moment Herthog, Donaldson and I gave them a burst of rapid fire. They wavered, turned, and began running towards the gateway.

Before they reached it, a figure on horseback rode through the opening, and as I recognised Ducane I sprang to my feet and shouted to the others to cease fire.

Behind Ducane several dozen Legionaries came galloping through. Their clothes were ragged, and all of them looked as though they had almost reached the end of their tether.

But at a word from Ducane they charged the Tuaregs furiously, using the bayonets on the end of their short carbines as only Legionaries can use them.

It was a strenuous fight while it lasted. The Tuaregs fought like madmen, and neither side either gave or expected any quarter. But it did not last long. Within a few minutes there was not a Tuareg left standing.

Ducane came riding to where McCann and I stood together.

"I'll see you later, Barrington. We've not finished yet."

He swung his horse round and rode off. The Legionaries, who would cheerfully follow a brave officer to hell, went rushing after him, and McCann and I found ourselves alone.

We returned to the house and were surprised to discover that Herthog, Donaldson and the women were not in the room where we had left them.

When we had searched every nook and

cranny of the house we went down to the cellar where we had found the hidden store of ammunition. But they were not there, and we were just about to leave the place when I noticed a large piece of paper lying on the floor in the corner. I picked it up and examined it. On it were written the words: "Follow us through the opening." It was only then that we noticed a small opening in the wall in the dark corner of the cellar.

A few steps brought us round the bend, and we halted again. Some yards ahead of us the tunnel opened out into a small cavern. Stuck in the wall of the cavern was a torch; and by the light of it I saw several Tuaregs standing together, talking in subdued voices with a white man.

McCann touched my arm. "That guy's Laviger," he whispered.

On the further side of the cavern, seated on the ground, I could dimly see Teza and the other women. On the right-hand side, tied by their wrists to heavy iron rings in the wall, were Donaldson and Herthog.

There were only about half a dozen Tuaregs in the cavern, but our pistols were empty.

Knife battle

So while I kept an eye on Laviger and the Tuaregs, McCann went back to the house and fetched some ammunition.

Inch by inch I wriggled myself forward towards Donaldson and Herthog. Herthog was the nearer to me. I touched his leg, and he started violently. Then, recognising me, he gave a faint smile and stood motionless.

I drew my knife and quickly cut the cords that bound his wrists. Herthog still kept his hands in the same position, and as I dared not go further into the cavern and could not get at Donaldson from where I was, I laid my knife where Herthog could easily reach it, and crept back into the darkness of the tunnel. Soon McCann returned, with ammunition.

As we came within sight of the cavern I saw that things had been happening during my brief absence. Both Donaldson and Herthog were free. Donaldson, stripped to the waist and holding a long knife in his hand, stood facing Laviger, armed with a similar knife, in the middle of the cavern.

For some moments we waited, watching the two men as they stood glaring at each other in the middle of the cavern. Then McCann and I rushed forward, firing as we went. The surprise was complete.

Before the Tuaregs had time to realise what was taking place, not one of them was left standing. I saw Laviger go down, too; and, inwardly cursing McCann for his careless shooting, I left Laviger where he was and hurried across to Teza, who was crouching in a corner of the cavern. I found that her wrists were securely tied, promptly cut her free and helped her to her feet.

McCann, Herthog and Donaldson joined us, when I heard a movement behind me. I spun round and saw that Laviger had got to his feet and seized the torch from the wall. He ran with it across the cavern, and it was only

(Continued on page 26)

STOMACH PAINS THROUGH MOTORING

The stomach is a most adaptable piece of human machinery, but you can hardly expect it to function if you cramp and restrict it in ways Nature never intended. Every motorist knows that a long turn at the wheel is almost sure to bring on stomach pains. Huddled up in the driving seat, attention concentrated on the road and its perils, lack of exercise for body and limbs—all put an unfair load on the digestion which causes it to break down under the strain. Acidity, heartburn and flatulence tell their own sorry tale. The remedy is to take two tablets of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder after eating. By doing so, stomach acidity is neutralised. Your stomach is kept clean and healthy and the process of easy, carefree digestion proceeds in a normal way.

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(Continued from page 24)

when I saw him raise his arm as if about to fling the torch that I realised what was happening.

Instantly I drew my Mauser and fired, and Laviger pitched forward on his face. But it was too late. Before the bullet reached him, he had flung the torch into the dark corner of the cavern, and as it lay there spluttering I could see that he had flung it right into the middle of a large dump of ammunition.

McCann seized Teza by the arm and began dragging her across the cavern, while Donaldson, Herthog and I did the same with the other women. We reached the tunnel, and had not gone many yards when we heard a tremendous explosion behind us.

Desperation

There was a constant rumbling, and every now and then a roar as huge masses of rock crashed down into the cavern.

We hurried on, choking with the dust, and at last reached the cellar of the house. There we could clearly hear the sound of heavy rifle firing. Calling to the others to follow me, I rushed up the cellar steps.

At the top of them I told Teza to remain where she was with the other women, and hurried with Donaldson, Herthog and McCann to the roof of the house. From that vantage point we got a clear view of what was happening beyond the gateway of the Hidden City.

Heavy firing was taking place, and we could see the Tuaregs, who had evidently been strongly reinforced, engaged in a desperate fight with the troops. One thing was quite obvious: there was no chance of our getting out of the valley that way.

The only other way out of the Hidden City was through the maze of passages along which the old Marabout had brought us when we first came to the place.

Teza was fairly confident that she could guide us through.

We left the house and made our way to the entrance of the passage.

I had not taken more than a couple of steps however, when there came an explosion even more tremendous than had occurred when Laviger had fired the ammunition. I saw the house rock, and the next instant McCann grabbed me by the arm and dragged me into the passage.

It was some time before the rumbling died down and we ventured out of the tunnel. The house was a heap of ruins. We turned towards the gateway, and all of us stood staring in amazement at the scene which met our eyes.

All trace of the gate, which had stood in a gap between two high mountains, had disappeared. In place of the opening where the gate had stood there was now a mountain of rocks.

This alteration in the landscape ruled out any possibility of leaving the valley except by the passage at the entrance of which we were standing, and it entirely did away with all chance of Ducane re-entering the valley to rescue us.

We set off along the passage, but we had not gone very far when Donaldson, who was leading the way, came to an sudden halt.

Awaiting dawn

Much the same had happened in the caverns through which the passage led as in the cavern where we had found Laviger. Masses of rock had come crashing down, filling up the tunnel and completely blocking the way.

We returned dejectedly to the valley and again held a consultation.

If we collected all the leather straps from the bodies of the dead Legionaries, it might be possible to make a rope from them by means of which we might be able to scale the mass of rocks that barred our way.

The others agreed that it was worth a trial, and the four of us set to work to collect the straps and hand them over to Teza, who, seated on the ground, busied herself making them into rope. This completed, McCann, who at one of the less exciting periods of his life had been a cowboy, volunteered to see what he could do with a



lasso, and he finally succeeded in looping the noose over a rock.

McCann went up the rope first; I followed; and a few minutes later the whole party was slowly and laboriously climbing upwards among the rocks.

Far below us we could see the glowing camp fires of the troops, but it would have been madness to attempt the steep descent in the darkness, and we decided to camp down for the night. It was a bitterly cold night, but we did not dare to risk attracting the attention of Tuareg snipers by lighting a fire, so we huddled together beneath a rock and shared what little warmth we had.

It was an enormous relief when dawn began to break and we could risk moving about again and getting the circulation going in our numbed limbs.

Court martial

We began the descent. It was not so steep as the ascent had been and we made good progress. Before we were half-way down, the troops below spotted us and raised a cheer; and when we eventually reached the bottom, Ducane was there to welcome us.

I introduced Donaldson and Herthog to Ducane, and gave him brief details about them. He shook hands with both of them—that was like Ducane—and then, signing to McCann and me to follow him, turned and walked away.

"About these two men, Barrington," he said, "I don't know what promises you have made—"

"I was given a free hand, sir," I interrupted, "to conduct this case as I thought best, and I have definitely promised both Donaldson and Herthog a free pardon."

"I agree, Barrington," replied Ducane. "In my opinion you have conducted the whole affair in the most satisfactory way, and I promise you that I shan't hesitate to say so."

"But decision as to what is to be done with Donaldson and Herthog does not, unfortunately, rest with me, and I have got to carry out my orders. My orders are that I am to arrest Donaldson and Herthog and take them immediately to Ghardaia, where they are to be court-martialled."

At In Salah, Ducane found orders awaiting him. We were to proceed immediately to Ghardaia and take the prisoners with us, and within a few hours of reaching the town we set out by aeroplane.

The Bureau Arabe did not waste time. The trial of Herthog and Donaldson was held the following day.

They were charged with being deserters from the Foreign Legion, with having fought against France on the side of Tuaregs, and with having been engaged in the running of slaves and drugs.

The Court did not take many minutes

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to arrive at its verdict. They were found guilty on every charge and sentenced to be shot the next morning.

I never saw Ducane more furiously angry than he was when sentence had been pronounced.

He put through a telephone call to the Chief of L'Espionnage Central and had a lengthy conversation with him, as a result of which orders came through that the execution of Herthog and Donaldson was to be postponed pending the arrival of the Chief, who was coming to Ghardaia to enquire into the matter himself.

In due course he arrived, and the result of his enquiries was an order that a fresh court-martial was to be held.

The result of this second trial, though Herthog and Donaldson were still found guilty on all the charges, was that they were sentenced to two years' imprisonment only.

But they did not serve their full sentence at Constantine. I heard about six months later that they had both succeeded in escaping from prison.

Later I discovered that Donaldson had settled down in England and was devoting himself to scientific research, and that Herthog had married Teza and had taken her to South Africa.

Thus ended our memorable trip into the Tuareg country. Hundreds of Tuaregs had been killed, hundreds of troops had lost their lives, the Hidden City had been razed to the ground; but despite all this havoc, we had none the less failed to achieve what we had set out to accomplish. The dope traffic still flourishes and the *cafetane's* business is still a thriving one.

THE END

When Your DOG SCRATCHES

— do what the EXPERTS Do

ALTHOUGH impurities in the blood stream cause a dog to scratch, a sluggish liver and kidneys, disordered stomach or faulty digestion are the reasons why these impurities are present. Dog experts treat for all these likely troubles when they have to cure a dog of scratching—and the remedy they use is KAESWOOD Dog Powders, which contain (1) IRON for the blood, (2) PHOSPHORUS for the nerves and muscles, (3) IODINE for the glands, (4) TONIC SALTS for the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys, (5) SULPHUR for the skin, (6) CALCIUM for Bone Development. This SIX-FOLD action regulates every vital organ in a dog's system. Ordinary dog powders which contain only one active ingredient cannot do this. Hundreds of thousands—including 50 out of every 100 exhibitors at Crufts' Famous Dog Show—have testified to the marvellous efficacy of KAESWOOD Dog Powders. So, whatever ails your dog, give him KAESWOOD Dog Powders—the Powders the experts use. From Boots, Taylors, Timothys, Withers, Chemists, Dog Shops—in packets, 9 pence 6d. and 21 pence 6d.

HALF-GUINEA ART PRINT FREE! A magnificent full-colour picture, measuring 10 in. by 14 in. and reproduced from the original painting by the late Dorothy Adams, R.S.A., is being given FREE with every 11-packet KAESWOOD Dog Powders. The picture is of two English spaniels and is of the type for which Art Dealers charge 10/6. If any difficulty, refer dealer to H. Crispin, Esq., Ltd., Adolph, Bedford, Manchester, who will tell him how to get the Free Picture for you.

THIN RUNDOWN NERVOUS WEAK!



How MINERALS and FOOD IODINE Build THIN, Worn-Out, Ailing, Nervous People into Strong, Red-Blooded Men and Women

'Vikelp' Tablets—amazing mineral concentrate from the Pacific Ocean—richest source of natural FOOD IODINE and MINERALS—feed starved glands—correct malnutrition—build rich, red blood, add extra pounds of solid flesh, give steady nerves and day-long energy in ten days without use of drugs, or trial is free!

Thousands of thin, weak, worn-out, run-down, haggard-looking men and women, whose energy and strength have been sapped by overwork and worry—who are nervous, prematurely ageing—hardly realise that the underlying cause of their trouble is MINERAL AND FOOD IODINE STARVED GLANDS. Nutrition experts say that when these glands—particularly the Thyroid and other tiny hidden glands which actually control body-weight, health and strength—lack MINERALS and FOOD IODINE (not to be confused with ordinary chemical iodides which often prove toxic, not mere iodine fumes), even diets rich in fat and starches fail to produce strength and energy. The system MUST have organic MINERALS and FOOD IODINE, and only when it gets an adequate supply can you regulate metabolism, the body's process of converting digested food into firm flesh, new strength, health and energy.

"Vikelp" Tablets—a mineral concentrate made from a huge 90 ft. Pacific Ocean plant, now considered the world's richest source of the 13 minerals (Iron, Phosphorus, Magnesium, Calcium, etc.), plus FOOD IODINE, needed by the body yet so badly lacking in our everyday foods—supply these precious substances in readily assimilable form. This re-mineralisation process stimulates the glands which produce the juices which enable you to digest food and starches, the weight-building elements in food.

Whatever you have tried before try "VIKELP" Tablets today. Notice how much better you feel, eat and sleep. Your body is not only rejuvenated, but malnutrition, faulty metabolism, constipation, gastritis, neuritis, rheumatism and other systemic illnesses are corrected or disappear entirely. If you don't eat, sleep and feel better, increase your vitality and vigor, and gain extra pounds in 10 days (5-6 lbs. not uncommon) the trial is free. They cost but little to use. Your doctor will approve this way. 40 tablets 1/6d., 100 3/6d., 250 6/6d., 475 17/6d. If your dealer cannot supply you, send 3/6d. for 10 days' guaranteed treatment to Dept. J.B./B/S, Health Products Laboratories, Ltd., 10 Henrietta Street, London W.1.

VIKELP HEALTH BODY BUILDING

STOMACH TROUBLE

TERrible PAIN & FLATULENCE

Mr. C. H. Sheard, 2, Moor View, Armitage, Leeds, writes: "I had a serious breakdown in health and suffered badly from Stomach trouble. I had terrible pain and flatulence and feared I was threatened with Ulcers. I decided to try Vitadatio, and in a short time began to improve. This improvement has continued, and I am now able to enjoy and digest my meals, and have a splendid appetite. Thanks to Vitadatio. To anyone suffering from that Run-down and hopeless feeling that I experienced, I can recommend Vitadatio with every confidence."

Vitadatio TO DAY

Invaluable for Stomach Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. Sold by Boots, Timothy Whites and Tanners Ltd., Chemists, Stores, 8/- and 8/- per bottle, post 6d. extra in U.K. Special 21/- bottles for export only (3 weeks' supply) from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMITAGE, LEEDS.



**TOTAL 381
WICKETS 1
LAST PLAYER
273**

"He smokes AFRIKANDER"

because it's as cool as Bradman playing leg theory through the covers: because it's as mild as an appeal from deep square leg for l.b.w. Because it's as full of "character" as a Woolley innings—and you can everlastingly depend on it—just as you can depend on Verity getting his hundred wickets . . . Give Afrikander a trial and you'll find it'll be a life-long innings.

Afrikander

**8^D
AN
OZ**

MIXTURE
Flake or Shag

"IT SAVES AND SATISFIES"

indigestion



made her lose many nights' rest

Nothing is more worrying than sleeplessness, and most of the sleeplessness which makes so many people miserable is simply due to indigestion. You can be sure of driving away acid indigestion and getting healthy, strength-giving sleep by taking a couple of Digestif Rennie Pastilles after meals. Read this lady's letter:—

"For many years I have had severe indigestion of an acid nature directly I lie down. Dieting, drugs and tablets were useless, and I often lost a night's rest. Digestif Rennie was introduced to me by Betty Brand, and as Betty knows so perfectly all about anything she advises, I took tablets after an attack started. I was surprised to find that I slept that night. I now take two Rennies after meals, and I think they are wonderfully effective, besides being palatable, and easy to carry. They do not seem like medicine—they taste just like sweets."

Mrs. F. S. Essex.

Digestif Rennie Pastilles contain 15 ingredients. Highly effective antacids neutralise the main cause of indigestion—excess acid. Other ingredients free you of stomach gas, remove poisonous toxins, increase the circulation of blood to the stomach and help the normal processes of digestion in every way. Each tablet is separately wrapped in wax paper. So easy to carry! Try Digestif Rennie now!

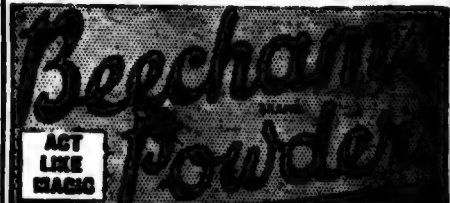
Digestif Rennie (Brand) Pastilles, the new prescription for indigestion, are obtainable from your own chemist. Trial size 6d., Family Size 1s. 9d.

Digestif Rennie
You suck it like a sweet



2d.
WILL STOP THAT PAIN
2d.
Makes You Smile Again

Yes!—that IS something to smile about! That nagging Headache will cease to thump—that piercing Neuralgia will cease to stab—that torturing twinge of Rheumatism and back-breaking agony of Lumbago will fly away for 2d.! Such is the "magic" of Beecham's Powders!



Cartons of 8 Powders 1/3. Single Powders 2d. each. Not Laxative. Sold Everywhere. A Beecham Product.

Weekly Informations from Sir Wyndham Childs



A beach scene at Hayling Island, the resort where Mrs. MacMunn once conducted a holiday home

A WIDESPREAD appeal—addressed principally to titled and wealthy people—is being issued at the present time on behalf of a very curious institution.

This is named the Country Home College for Boys, and has headquarters "offices" at Carlton Hill, London, N.W.8.

First let me say at once that a scandalous misuse of the name of a member of the Royal Family has been made by the "hon. organising secretary and founder" of this so-called college.

Information before me shows that the Duke of York is quoted as being interested in the scheme.

Mention of the Duke is given in letters sent out soliciting subscriptions. There is a suggestion that he has given, in some way or other, his approval to the idea lying behind the establishment of the Country Home College for Boys.

On the best authority, I can say that this suggestion is incorrect.

Any use of the name of the Duke of York in relation to the Country Home College for Boys is entirely unauthorised.

More than that, the whole scheme of the college is a preposterous one, sponsored by a woman who has no substantial backing for the work she has avowedly undertaken.

The figure behind the scenes of this remarkable educational venture is Mrs. Norman MacMunn, otherwise Mrs. May MacMunn, the elderly widow of a public school master.

She resides in a house at Carlton Hill, and uses one room as the office of the

Greatest of These—

Home in Pawn

PEGGY, who has just turned five, suffers from her heart and her nerves. Her mother is subject to bad heart attacks, the aftermath of rheumatic fever. She frequently has to stay in bed for weeks at a stretch.

The eldest of her six children, aged thirteen, has been under the hospital for rheumatism and heart trouble, and a child aged four has been in hospital for the last two years suffering from a collapsed lung.

Peggy's ex-Service father, who was slightly shell-shocked during the war, was discharged with an exemplary character. He has had a trying time since 1926, and has had no work for the last two years.

"We have had to pawn and borrow to get things with," he writes, "and I would like to get a bit clear, as my wife is worrying so, and it is keeping her from getting on. We get 34s. from the Unemployment Assistance Board, and we pay 11s. rent."

Among the pawn tickets is one for his wife's wedding ring. "It has broken my heart," he told us, "to put our belongings in pawn, and I would sooner starve than part with the children's things. We make them look as neat as we possibly can, and we see that they get enough food, if we go without ourselves."

Peggy's parents have lived at their present address for twenty-one years. Due to sickness in the family, the rent is now 26 in arrears.

Donations earmarked "Peggy" or for the General Fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.



Peggy

DUKE of YORK'S Name Exploited

"college." From here she despatches her letters soliciting subscriptions towards her objects.

Her field is chosen from *Debrett*, for chiefly she petitions members of the Peerage and other holders of titles.

Just lately, however, she has been turning to the professional and business classes, as the following sample letter shows:

"Some day this may concern you, or your immediate friends, should adversity arise in its many unforeseen forms.

"It is every parent's ambition that his son should have the advantage of a college education, and you will be glad to know that the Country Home College has been inaugurated to fulfil this long-existing need.

"The place will be a country home and college combined. Its aim will be to develop initiative and sense of responsibility in that they (the boys) will be able to take their place in the many spheres of life in the Empire.

"We have launched a 25,000 shilling fund, and if you are interested, will you become a contributor by sending us anything from a shilling upwards.

"We want to help the professional man and the business man only. Please send your subscription or any other correspondence direct."

Letter paper which Mrs. MacMunn uses bears a sort of college crest, made up of the letters "C. H. C. B." with the addition of her name as the "Hon. Organising Secretary and Founder."

No accounts

There is, as yet, no Country Home College for Boys. The place does not exist except as an idea in the mind of Mrs. MacMunn, although she does indicate in some of her correspondence that a large country mansion near Eye, Suffolk, has been offered to her.

Another of her assertions is that the son of a former Home Secretary is acting for her in a honorary capacity to further the objects of the "college."

It is rather remarkable that, although Mrs. MacMunn begs for monetary help for her project from members of the Peerage and the general public, she takes no steps to organize a governing committee to supervise the expenditure of

funds received. Neither does she publish any accounts.

I find that this woman, before she became the founder of a non-existent college, was living at Felpham, near Bognor Regis, Sussex.

Here she conducted a school for defective boys. She charged fees of fifty guineas a year for any pupil who came to her, but, in addition, she was even then appealing for financial support.

At that time she was writing round to important and charitable people, seeking to secure from each a subscription of £15 towards her work.

Much play was made by her of the fact that she was the widow of Norman MacMunn, described as "the educationalist and author of the 'Child's Path to Freedom'." She declared that she was trying to develop along the educational lines set by her late husband. She claimed to be taking special care of difficult and backward boys, who needed psychological treatment.

Another of the enterprises—again with an appeal to the charitable—which this energetic woman attempted to conduct was a holiday home and school for defectives at Hayling Island. But both these ceased to function.

For some years Mrs. MacMunn has been appealing to the charitable for her educational enterprises. Her net is cast widely, wherever she imagines money may be obtained, and she is indiscriminate in the use of names of people to support her appeal.

All the tricks

When addressing titled people she frequently declares that her late husband taught, at a famous school, the sons of those to whom she appeals.

All the devices by which money may be begged from kindly disposed persons are known to Mrs. MacMunn.

But her impudence exceeds all bounds when she introduces the name of a member of the Royal Family into her solicitations.

Her latest printed circulars, headed "Country Home College for Boys of Middle-class People in Straitened Circumstances," conclude with this extraordinary sentence: "His Royal Highness the Duke of York is extremely interested in the scheme and has read the purport of our undertaking with great appreciation for the effort we are making for a section of Youth which so badly lacks opportunity."

DESTROY Fleas!
Dead fleas don't bite. Sprinkle Keating's wherever there are fleas—and sleep in peace—but it must be Keating's. Cans: 2d., 6d. and 1/-, Powder flask 1/-.

KEATING'S KILLS
BEETLES, MOTHS, FLEAS etc. even Bugs
BUT IT MUST BE KEATING'S

There's nothing to beat a little cigar!



WITH THE
LATEST
'THRILLER'

A roomy armchair, a good 'yarn' and a supply of MARCELLA Whiffs makes enjoyment complete. These delightful little smokes are just right for leisure moments. Buy a few on your way home to-night.

**MARCELLA
WHIFFS**



3 for 6¢ • 5 for 10¢ • 10 for 1/8

Have You seen the latest BUSH SUPERHET?

Before buying your radio—get full particulars (which can be obtained free) of the Bush S.S.W.33, the seven stage superhet with nine tuned circuits. Obtainable on easy terms at a price everyone can afford. Turn to p. 14 and fill in the Coupon!

**Restore the
Colour
to your
Red Tiles
and Red Composition Floors**

There's hidden beauty in those red kitchen tiles you have scrubbed so often. Keep them bright and fresh with an occasional rub of Cardinal Polish and restore the warm, even tone that adds to the charm of a red tiled floor. Red composition floors and front steps can also be made attractive by a simple application of "Cardinal." Easily applied, it quickly gives a rich red finish that will not rub off. When first used "Cardinal" is readily absorbed by the porous tiles, but very little is required when subsequently used.

LARGE TINS: 6d. & 1/-
From Dealers Everywhere.
Also in Buff, Green and White.



**CARDINAL
RED TILE POLISH**

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF MANSION POLISH

C.P.A.S

**THERE ARE FIVE
GOOD REASONS
WHY YOU SHOULD
CHEW WRIGLEY'S**

- 1 IT CLEANS THE TEETH
and tones up the mouth
- 2 IT AIDS DIGESTION
by promoting flow of digestive juices
- 3 IT KEEPS YOU FRESH
Its delightful flavour cools and refreshes
- 4 IT STEADIES THE NERVES
The very act of chewing soothes the system
- 5 IT SOOTHES THE THROAT
and keeps the mouth fresh and clean



after every meal

Beauty Secrets which make French Women World Famous



Smart Parisiennes are probably the greatest experts in make-up in the world. Their latest secret is the use of a new 'air-floated' face powder. Powder ten times finer than ever before thought possible. Made by a new process—whirled by powerful currents of air at hurricane speed. This makes it so light that it spreads smoothly and evenly over the skin—an invisible film of beauty. Gives a natural-looking flattering complexion. So different from the old-fashioned heavy powders, which only gave a 'made-up' look. This new 'air-floated' process is now used in making Poudre Tokalon. And Poudre Tokalon still contains Mousse of Cream, which makes it stay on all day. Wind, rain, perspiration from dancing, cannot spoil the lovely 'matt finish' complexion it gives. Try this French woman's beauty secret—the 'air-floated' Poudre Tokalon. 6d. and 1/- a box.

IF YOUR BREATH HAS A SMELL YOU CAN'T FEEL WELL

Unless a pint of bile flows from your liver, into your bowels every day, your movements get hard and constipated and your food decays unnaturally in your 25 feet of bowels. This decay sends poison all over your body every six minutes. It makes you gloomy, grouchy and no good for anything.

Your friends smell this decay coming out of your mouth and call it bad breath. Laxatives and mouth washes help, but you must get at the cause. Take Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. They get those a pints of bile flowing freely and then you feel on the "up and up." Ask for Carters Little Liver Pills and get what you ask for. 1/3d. and 5/-.

PILES!

Internal, external, blind or bleeding piles—you will be amazed at the relief experienced immediately you apply Man Zan. The terrible irritation disappears. Made specially for pile trouble. In clean to use, special applicator tubes, price 3/-, from all chemists. Don't stay in pain and danger, obtain a supply of

Man Zan
PILE REMEDY

To end constipation—Take Dr. Witt's Little Laxative Pills. Price 1/3.

STRICTLY ANONYMOUS

S SEVENTEEN years ago the war had not been over very long, and countless men were returning to England, to a land fit for heroes to make their homes in.

Not that any of them thought themselves heroes—that was politicians' jargon. But they did, after years of mud and dirt and danger and life apart from the opposite sex, passionately desire a home. And to the unmarried ones a home suggested a wife and children. Let the horrors of war be forgotten in the peace and comfort of a happy home.

Many a returned soldier, whether officer or other ranks, who in ordinary times would have looked about for a suitable mate, proposed to almost the first girl or woman with whom he got friendly. He married in haste, and had plenty of time to repent.

Not that all war marriages were unhappy; we all know of many that were and still are a great success, but mine was a wash-out from the word "Go!"

I don't for a moment suggest that it was all Ella's fault, both of us acted hastily, hardly knowing each other. She certainly was very sweet and "sympathetic" during our short engagement. In particular, she seemed to understand that I was not a rich man, and that we could have a good time together on very little money.

I DID not realise that starting business would not be too easy, and that finance was bound to play a large part in our new life. Ella appeared to understand and agree. So we married.

And a better housekeeper I cannot imagine than Ella proved to be during those early months of married life. We had a nice little flat, furnished by hire-purchase, and this naturally meant a monthly drain on our not too large income.

But it gave us a comfortable home, with a few modest extras. We went to a theatre once a week, and Ella to a cinema at least once or twice. We had a cook-general.

A year passed, and my business did not flourish as I had anticipated. I remember going home one evening and after dinner saying, "Ella, my darling, we'll have to go a bit slow; money isn't coming in at the office as well as I'd hoped. We must go a bit easy on clothes and amusements for a few months."

"All right, dear," said Ella, and the very next day she went along to a dress-maker's, where she had a small account, and bought three new evening frocks—a fact I did not discover until three months later.

JUST before this, through a mutual friend at a tennis club, we made friends with her brother, a sandy-haired Scotsman, home from America, whom we'll call Bob Robertson.

We all became great friends, and Bob, who had plenty of money and a fine car, often on a Sunday used to take us out into the country.

After six months of this friendship, Bob returned to America, where almost immediately he was killed in a motor accident. Both Ella and I were very upset, for Bob had proved himself a charming and generous friend to us both.

Just about the same time Ella told me that she expected a baby. I was delighted and so was she. In due time a fine boy appeared. Tim was someone to work for with a vengeance, and I slowly began to pull the business through its bad times.

Meanwhile, we had lost sight completely of Bob's sister, the woman who had introduced him to us both. Then, one day, when Tim was nearly a year old, I met the sister in the street, and we went and had a cup of tea together.

"How's Ella?" she asked, "and Tim?" I saw him in the pram the other day... and knew at once who his father was.

She looked me steadily in the face as she said this, and my blood seemed to freeze all of a sudden. I understood what she meant; that Tim, my boy Tim, was not mine, but the son of her brother Bob.

I suddenly realised things. Ella and I were both dark and thin, Tim was

Father in Name Only



Tim—the little chap whose fingers had twined themselves round my heart—the shock on learning the truth was fearful

I had grown far apart and actively disliked each other.

I determined to do all I could to prevent the world from knowing that Tim was not the son of his mother's husband. I never gave a hint of my suspicions to Ella, though year by year Tim grew more like Bob Robertson and his Scots family—several of whom we had met on various occasions.

The first step was to move to a district where we would never be likely to meet any of the Robertsons. Ella and I had a first-class row over this move. Why did I want to move? Wasn't the house all we could wish for? Weren't all our friends round about us? Yes, I thought, far too much round us. And I told Ella my mind was made up; we must move to a cheaper neighbourhood.

It took over six months before I could get rid of my then home, and during that time Ella and I grew farther and farther apart. I believe she guessed something of what was in my mind, and she hated me the more for my knowledge.

She knew I would rather die than let the world know my secret, and she used to bait me with her possession of Tim; "My little son," she used to say, "My Tim, all mine"; and as she said these words she

stared challengingly into my eyes. She started running up bills I could not meet, and finally she went too far, and we were divorced.

THE judge awarded Tim to me, and I and "my" son, looked after by my youngest sister, who adored him, live quietly together.

Twice a month he sees his mother, and each time he comes back I look into his eyes fearing to see knowledge there. For Tim is nearly sixteen, and his mother, now become more and more unbalanced and pleasure-seeking, to claim his affection might drop a hint.

If Tim ever learned the truth from other lips than mine it would, I believe, hurt him incurably. Yet can any of you blame me for locking this secret up in my heart, hoping against hope that Tim will never know the truth?

● Most men and women have some secret chapter in their lives that they have been afraid to reveal to any living soul.

Yet they feel that the mere telling of it would relieve their heart of a burden.

We invite readers to send in for publication at our usual rates their secret personal story, told in about 1,500 words. It will, of course, be Strictly Anonymous.

round-faced, fair-skinned and light-haired, as Bob must have been when he was young.

His sister must have seen the pain and bewilderment in my face. "I'm so sorry," she said. "Didn't you know? I thought you must have known."

She told me of a certain dance in the country, to which we all had been invited and which at the last moment I had been unable to go to. It was a weekend invitation and I had willingly allowed Ella to go, as I knew the host and hostess and the rest of the house party. Bob was there, of course. And in due time my, or, as I knew now, his Tim arrived.

I THOUGHT a moment before saying anything. Then, "Nonsense," I said, "Tim is mine and quite naturally so. If anybody even thinks or says otherwise there will be trouble."

"I'm so sorry," said the sister, "and I admire your attitude." I bade her goodbye and have never seen her from that day to this.

But I knew she spoke the truth, and that others in her family, and probably amongst her close friends, thought and spoke as she did.

The shock was fearful. Tim, my son and heir, the chubby little chap whose fingers had twined themselves round my heart and whom I loved more than all the world! For by that time Ella and

OGE
Old English Oils
The IDEAL HAIR DRESSING
FOR MEN & WOMEN

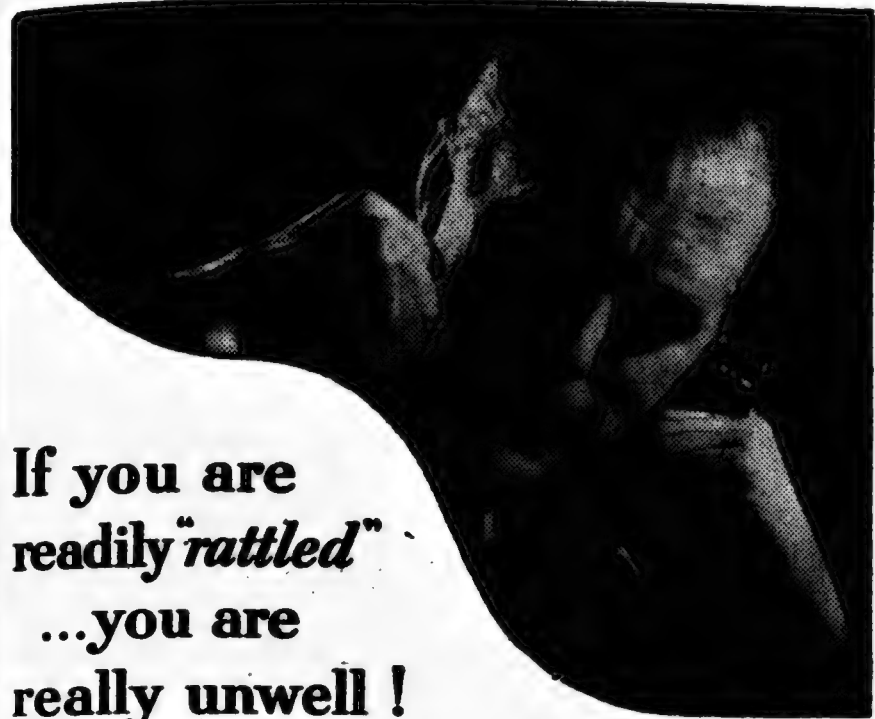
One of the few good things handed down from the past, for which no equal has ever been found, for it is a means of imparting lustre and promoting luxuriant growth to hair and scalp. Contains all the essential oils. 1/-, 2/6, 4/6, 8/6, 12/6. From all chemists, grocers, etc.

O. G. & Co., Ltd., LONDON, W.1

**THE TORTURE OF
RHEUMATISM**

"I find Urace brand tablets excellent not only in allaying the acute pains of neuritis and rheumatism, but in improving the general condition in chronic cases."—Miss Eastbourne.

Free sample from Newbery and Phillips, Ltd., 13a Banner Street, London, E.C.1. From your chemist, 1/3 and 3/-.



If you are
readily "rattled"
...you are
really unwell!

THE worst ailments grow gradually. This is especially true of nerve disorders. And do not forget that the nerves influence every organ and every function of the body. Ask yourself if you are jumpy, easily rattled, irritable, irresolute. If so, your nerves are enfeebled, and you need PHOSFERINE. It matters little what is the cause of your trouble—whether sheer overstrain or some internal insufficiency—PHOSFERINE will bring unfailing benefit. The reason for this is that PHOSFERINE is the concentrated essence of recognised nerve foods. Your system does not need to extract these—as indeed it ought to be able to do from your ordinary food—because in PHOSFERINE they are already in that form which passes immediately into the blood-stream, carrying energy, vitality and health to your whole being.

During the hot weather a few drops of PHOSFERINE in a glass of water, lemonade or other aerated water, would be found very refreshing, invigorating and thirst quenching.

GET A BOTTLE AT YOUR CHEMIST'S TO-DAY

PHOSFERINE

BRAND TONIC

The Greatest of all Tonics

for DEPRESSION HEADACHE INDIGESTION	for BRAIN-FAG NEURALGIA SLEEPLESSNESS	for INFLUENZA RHEUMATISM SCIATICA	for ANAEMIA DEBILITY NEURASTHENIA
--	--	--	--

From Chemists, TABLETS or LIQUID, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-

The 3/- size is nearly four times the 1/3 size: you save almost 2/-

WARNING. The public is warned against purchasing worthless imitations.



I get a grand
smoke for

Eightpence

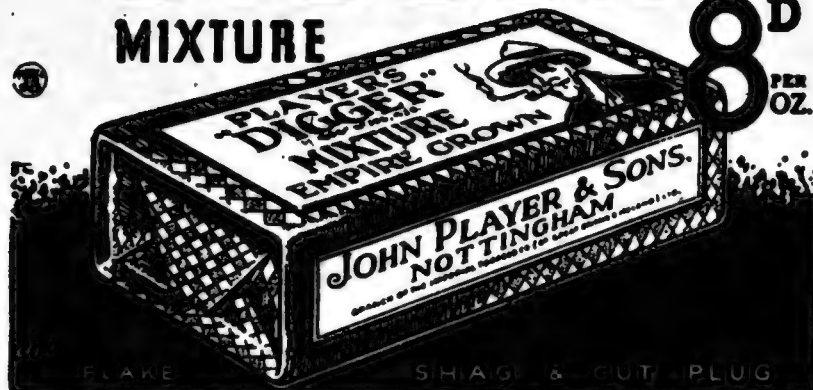
"When I buy 'Digger,' I get a tobacco that gives me everything I want in a pipe . . . coolness, rich flavour and lasting satisfaction. If you're looking for value, this fine Empire Tobacco made by Player's is certainly an 'eye-opener'."

PLAYER'S

DIGGER

MIXTURE

8^D
PER
OZ.



Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

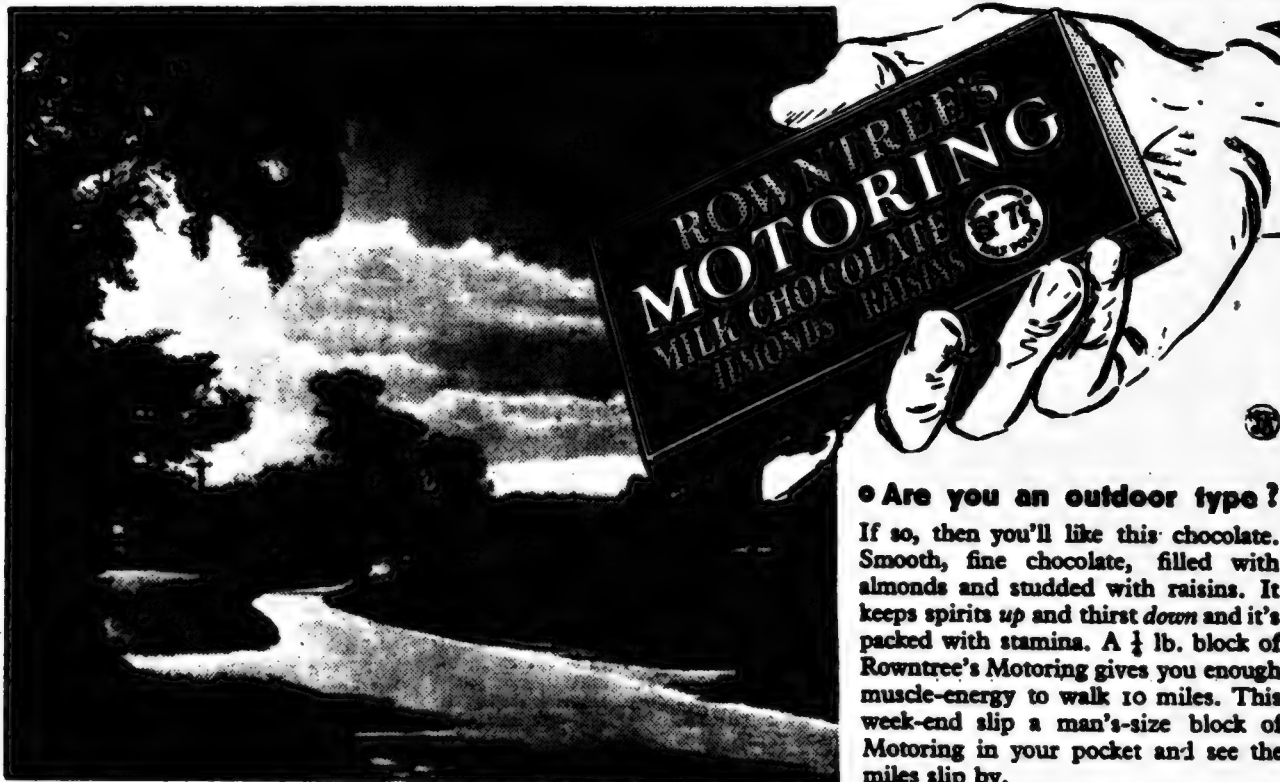
Help Kidneys

Don't Take Drastic Drugs.

Your Kidneys have nine million tiny tubes or filters which are endangered by cheap, irritating drugs or neglect. If Kidney or Bladder Trouble makes you suffer from Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Dizziness, Backache, Rheumatism, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dry, muddy skin, Irritating Acidity or Loss of Vigour, don't take chances. Get the Doctor's guaranteed prescription Cystex (Blue-Box). Must bring new health and vitality in 48 hours and is guaranteed to make you feel 10 years younger and to cure troubles in 8 days or money back on return of empty package. Cystex costs very little at Boots, Taylor's, Timothy White's and all chemists, and the guarantee protects you.

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BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 21, 21 1/2, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100. J. & G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD



Are you an outdoor type?

If so, then you'll like this chocolate. Smooth, fine chocolate, filled with almonds and studded with raisins. It keeps spirits up and thirst down and it's packed with stamina. A 1/2 lb. block of Rowntree's Motoring gives you enough muscle-energy to walk 10 miles. This week-end slip a man's-size block of Motoring in your pocket and see the miles slip by.



**MAKE-UP
WILL NOT
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**HUMAN
DOCUMENTS**

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. £1 is. will be paid for each letter quoted.

By PHILIP INMAN

THERE is a command that goes back to the earliest days of history. It is addressed to children and it says, "Honour thy father and thy mother."

I want to stress that word honour. It means respect or esteem. It does not mean slavery, yet that is what some parents seem to expect. Take one example. What life is there for the girl who writes me this letter? She says: Some time ago you helped a friend of mine in a great difficulty and I should be so glad of your advice. Just before last Christmas my mother was taken ill and the doctor ordered her six months' complete rest. I am the only daughter, married, with two children, and my husband agreed on our giving up our home and going to live with mother so that I could look after father and my two brothers.

Well, Mr. Inman, everything went well until mother began to feel a little better, and since then nothing seems to go right. My husband is fond of wireless and now he can't have it on, as my father does not like it. The children have to go to bed very early as grand-dad can't stand their noise. We can't have anybody to see us as my parents don't like entertaining. The table isn't big enough for us all to have meals together, so we have to wait until the others have finished.

We would so much like a home of our own again, but the doctor now says mother must always take things easy and she won't get paid help (although both my father and brother are working) as she says servants won't suit her.

What can we do? If I leave home and anything happens to mother I would never forgive myself, and yet I know my husband is not happy as he seems different from what he used to be. Can you see a way out that will please everybody?

"Please everybody"—that, my correspondent, is almost an impossibility. I can only point out that now this girl is married her first duty is to her husband and her children.

My correspondent's father and brothers are all working and her mother must be reasonable and obtain outside help. This girl should talk to her on these lines: "My husband was very decent in allowing me to come to you, but it is not fair that we should trade on his good nature. We shall all be happier if we have our respective homes. Dad will not be worried by the children and we shall be able to have our friends and our wireless."

HERE is a letter from a girl of eighteen. She has lost her father and has neither brothers nor sisters. Just she and her mother. And they don't get on well together. What a pity!

I am an only child (she says), and when my father died five years ago I soon realised that I had lost my best friend.

URGENT!

It is an urgent matter now if you wish to secure JOHN BULL's great presentation to its readers, "The Wonderful Story of the Sea," the epic of thousands of years of sea adventure and achievement told in 200,000 words and over 500 graphic pictures. This £1 is. work can be yours for only 2s. 9d., plus 1s., which includes carriage, packing and insurance—but only if you act at once. Turn to pages 4 and 5 and reserve your copy to-day.



**'Impossible'
OLD
People**

It was always to him that I gave my childish confidences and it was he whom I let share my most secret thoughts and hopes.

My mother and I are two different personalities and simply get on each other's "nerves." I admit that I have my faults, but my mother seems to take a pleasure in nagging and ruling me in every little thing, and unlike most mothers, she can always see the worst in me and never seems to look for my better points. Because of this continual grumbling and fault-finding, I feel stiff that we shall never be able to live happily together.

I hold quite a good position in an office and my wage enables us to keep our home going, but I am sure that neither of us can go on at this rate, for practically every night I cry myself to sleep. As I am the only child, I cannot desert my mother, and so we are drifting on week after week. I feel at an utter loss to know how to act—please tell me what to do?

THIS girl tells me that though she has her faults, her mother exaggerates them, and delights to dictate and domineer. This attitude may be due to one of many reasons. It may be that she knows instinctively that the father had first place in the girl's affections. It may be jealousy, because her life is passing while her daughter has youth and life in front of her. It may be the outcome of a naturally peevish and irritable nature.

Now I think the first step is for my correspondent to have a straight talk with her mother, who possibly does not realise how much these annoyances hurt and how greatly they intensify the loss of that understanding father. A heart-to-heart chat may clear the air and lead to the establishment of friendly relations.

What a happy home life it could be if these two would only work for each other's comfort and enjoyment. There should be no association on earth closer than that between a mother and her child.

If, unfortunately, this talk fails in its purpose, then my correspondent must take a firm stand. She contributes to the upkeep of the home and she has a right to expect peace and contentment in it. If that is impossible, she should tell her mother frankly that she intends to find accommodation where she will

Pleasant home life is a grand thing; but constant nagging and bickering by the old folk drives many a child away to lead an independent existence

not be subject to constant bickering. I sincerely hope, however, that the grievance will be removed on the lines I first suggested.

It is always regrettable when young girls have to contemplate leaving their home. But what is my next correspondent to do?

Four years ago, when I was sixteen, my father died (she tells me), and I left school to take a post in an office. I naturally want to make a success of my life and I have been promised promotion if I obtain a certain commercial certificate.

My mother has married again, but whenever she shows any interest in my two sisters and myself, my stepfather leads her a dreadful life. I, in particular, am made the butt of his caustic tongue, held up to ridicule and taunted with such remarks as "Ho! here is Miss Private Secretary" or "Has the confidential clerk received the advance her superior efforts deserve?"

If I am to secure promotion I must study a great deal, but while I am in this house it is impossible to do any work at all. If I could leave home I am sure that in twelve months I could complete my course and obtain my certificate. Then with the aid of my sisters we could make a home for mother and ourselves. My mother, however, does not wish me to go away and begs me to stay with her. What do you advise me to do?

Gibes and jeers can play havoc with a sensitive mind. I am not surprised this girl is unhappy in her home. And I can understand she finds it difficult to concentrate upon her studies. Her future success depends upon her gaining this certificate and her heart is obviously set on it. It will aid her enormously if she can work in a more congenial atmosphere.

I WONDER if she has any relatives or friends who would give her a home for the next twelve months? Then with her improved position and higher wage she and her sisters could rent a flat or a small house. And if her mother is unhappy with her second husband, she may choose to join them.

In the meantime that mother must not allow her own inclinations to come before her daughter's future career and peace of mind. After all, she married again to suit herself. If that marriage has not turned out well for her children she must be brave and allow them to make their way in life. And in the knowledge that they are happy and successful she will have her reward.

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CORO-SHAVE gives you a clean, comfortable shave without soap or hot water, and leaves your skin as smooth and soft as satin. A free seven-day trial tube will be sent in return for a 1d. stamp to cover packing. Write to Crown Perfumery Co. Ltd. (Dept. 229), 39 King's Road, London, N.W.1.

Your envelope must be sealed and bear a 1d. stamp.

COB 2-22

**Don't overlook the
"John Bull" Shop Window
and
The Small Ads. Worth Watching
on pages 2 and 3.**

WHY I USE NEW VEET



- 1 'New Veet' ends all unwanted hair in 3 minutes' without trouble, mess or bother.
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- 3 'New Veet' is just like a toilet cream—sweetly scented and pleasant to use.
- 4 'New Veet' avoids coarse re-growth—unlike the razor which only makes the hair grow faster and thicker. 6d. and 1/3.

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the Top of My Head"**



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To JOHN HART BRITAIN, Ltd.,
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Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, with directions for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

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Holidays are of short enough duration for most people and it's surprising how many are due to the sudden change in their conditions. Irritability, headaches, effects of heat, sun-glare headaches, seaside rheumatic twinges, aches and pains, sleeplessness (often due to change of environment), sea-sickness when a trip is taken, all these irritating complaints occur. They are petty enough in themselves yet sufficiently aggravating to spoil a holiday entirely. It may be news to many, nevertheless it is a fact, that if you carry some 'ASPRO' tablets in

your bag you can protect yourself against these complaints. Just take two tablets at the first appearance of illness and in the majority of cases you will get speedy relief, your pain will go, your nervousness will be soothed away and, in the case of sleeplessness, you will obtain sweet refreshing sleep. Thousands of your fellow citizens can testify to these facts as you take no risk when you try 'ASPRO.' Make sure you take 'ASPRO' with you on your holiday. You will help yourself and your friends. Remember it's a definite fact that



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OVERCOME**

17 Durban Street,
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Dear Sir,
I suffer from severe pains in the head and sleeplessness. 'ASPRO' soothed the pain in the head and gave me sound sleep. I'll never be without 'ASPRO' and will recommend it to all sufferers.
Sincerely yours,
F. A. WILLIAMS.

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Nurse J. writes from 95, Shakespeare Crescent, Manor Park, London, E.
"To me there is nothing better for feverishness and headaches, etc., than 'ASPRO', and I would be glad to encourage patients to have them for their safe results."

**'ASPRO'
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Two 'ASPRO' Tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, and act as a deterrent.



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GROW NEW HAIR By this Amazing Discovery or—PAY NOTHING

Thousands of people are completely bald, hundreds of thousands are the victims of partial or patchy baldness, or of weak, lifeless hair, which is continually falling and thinning at temples or crown.

A wonderful discovery recently made by a leading British Hair Specialist quickly banished every such condition, and has already brought the blessing of new lustrous hair growth to thousands of men and women, ranging in age from 18 to 90, who regarded their hair condition as hopeless. Frederick Godfrey's

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succeeds in over 98 per cent. of cases, and is offered to Hair Sufferers under a straightforward guarantee of success or your money refunded.

All high-class Chemists, including all branches of Boots, Taylor, Timothly, White, etc., and Hairdressers stock Renair Pomade. Buy a 3/- Carton to-day, and if you are not satisfied after using only half the contents, return the remainder to Mr. Godfrey, and your money will be refunded.

LADIES, and Men also, will find in the companion volume, a GRASSY PREPARATION, RENAIR ANTISEPTIC STIMULATING HAIR TONIC—also sold by Chemists and Hairdressers (at 1/6 per bottle) under similar guarantee of "Satisfaction or Money Back"—an equally specific, certain method, whereby the hair is restored to healthy, natural and colourful luxuriance.

If any difficulty in obtaining either preparation, write at once to F. Godfrey, Whatstandwell, Mallock, Derbyshire.

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A Joy To All Users
Cannot Slip or Slide

Sprinkle on Dr. Wernet's Powder and you won't have to think about your false teeth all day long. Joyous comfort is yours. Eat anything you want—it holds plates firmly in place—they positively cannot slip or slide. Forms protective cushion for sensitive gums. Leaves no coloured, gummy substance—keeps mouth fresh, breath pleasant. Prescribed by world's most noted dentists. The cost is small—the comfort great. Sold by Chemists everywhere.

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BY LETTER PARLIAMENT READERS . .

Our PARENTS' Greatest Sacrifice

MY father was killed in action during the Great War, before I was born. My mother, an actress on tour, denied herself everything but the bare necessities to provide for my care while she was away.

Then my father's people offered to adopt me, and my mother, stifling her love in my interests, consented.

Her maternal love starved, robbed of the only two beings she loved, and debarred any contact with me, she died, having virtually given her life for me.—J. R., Croydon

Fatal Dash

My father was taking me to see my grandparents on the occasion of my fourth birthday, and on the way he bought me a large rubber ball.

I dropped it in the roadway, and as I ran after it my father made his great sacrifice. A great lorry was bearing down on me, and even as he pushed me clear, the wheels ran over him.

Each year, as my birthday approaches, my mother seems depressed, and I am certain she is still thinking of the man who died to save my life.—N. F. P., Hayes.

Father Paid

I got to know that my father had inherited some money. How much I did not know, but being utterly selfish, I imagined that now my parents were well off, I could indulge myself.

I began living expensively, and later took to betting, almost invariably losing. Father, after mildly reproaching me, paid my debts. Then I wanted a car, and went to my father's study with what was almost a demand for one.

I found him sitting with bowed head, a blue form in front of him. It was a summons for rates. He was penniless . . . as a result of my loose living.—Remorse, Dorset.

The Last

The greatest sacrifice? But it has been one long sacrifice. My parents have gone short of food to give me more; they have sacrificed all luxuries to give me a good education, and then at last I came of working age.

Mother and father felt the benefit of my wage, although small, but when I was offered a better position away from home they sacrificed again, for at first I could only keep just myself.

Now I am earning more and am able to repay them a little for their long sacrifice, which I hope will be the last they will have to make for me.—Daughter, Bolton.

Race with "Silver Ring"

DOUBLE LONG-SHOTS

THE weights for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire are due on September 3. Forfeit dates for the long-distance race are September 8 and October 6. For the Cambridgeshire they are September 8 and October 20.

Bold backers who propose to step in before owners show their hands should obtain at least 500 to 1 any double.

Captain Boyd-Rochford, who has won two of the last three contests, has eight horses in the Cesarewitch. Signature may be his best, but it needs pluck to select any of the group so far ahead.

I suggest that ante-post backers mix up the following:

Cesarewitch: Cho-Sen, Queen's Shilling and Avondale.

Cambridgeshire: Guinea Gap, Pegasus and Mansur.

Christmas Fare and Monica may be the best bets at Windsor this week-end.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, August 13, to August 19.

Z Q C 93 B 94 M R 96 T F O A P U X

L H J I 95 B D W N 96 G S K V Y 97

In place of the letters or figures advertised in *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

OK96UW would read SATYR.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. FK22KO would read GALLAS.

of their income, I can realise to the full how many little luxuries the old folk must have denied themselves in their unselfish desire to make life easier for me.—Only Son, Wiltz.

The Price

My father was a trader on the Gold Coast, and after years of toil amassed sufficient to return home to live in modest comfort.

It was, however, insufficient to provide me with the university education he desired, so he and my mother stayed out there and kept working.

I had my university education; but he died in harness. His life was the price of my degree.—B. A., Billing.

Crippled

My father's job was carrying oil up a forty-foot ladder to replenish pithead flares. It need not have been, but the ladder work meant sixpence more daily than a safer job on the ground, and the extra money was needed to take me to the hospital, so that my legs could be made strong enough to carry me.

I'll never forget his acceptance of danger, nor mother's consent, despite her inward fears.

At the end of two years I was cured, but son after father slipped from the ladder, and as

a result, will never walk again.—Thankful, Durham.

Turned Down

After years of service for employers who paid a very slender salary, my father was offered a highly remunerative post abroad. Overjoyed at the change in our fortunes, he eagerly made arrangements for our departure.

I was six and delicate, and medical reports revealed my inability to survive in the country for which we were bound.

Rather than face separation, my parents turned down their great chance, and father resumed his old work.

Having grown older and stronger, I am now striving to make up to them for the great sacrifice they made for me.—Only Child, Bristol.

Unhampered

An office explosion on my sixteenth birthday sent me to hospital with serious injuries; an ear was blown off, and I was badly burned about the face.

Saying she could rearrange her coiffure to hide its loss, my mother sacrificed an ear, and my father gave a lot of skin from his shin to restore my looks.

Their sacrifice, plus surgical grafting, enabled me to face life unhampered by facial disfigurements.—Typist, Alton.

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. Half-a-guinea will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament" must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post Tuesday, August 18. Should Women be Soldiers?—"Yes," or "No," and Why.

DON'T WORRY!

Under its great Free Family Insurance Gift JOHN BULL not only provides generous benefit for loss by burglary, but is the only paper in the world to safeguard its readers' household effects against damage by fire, storm, flood and tempest.

Registered readers will continue to enjoy this full protection of JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift while on holiday anywhere in Great Britain, Ireland, the Channel Islands and the Isle of Man.

Should an application for benefit arise, all that readers will be asked to do is to show that before leaving for their holidays they instructed their newsmagazine to resume regular delivery of JOHN BULL immediately on their return and that they bought JOHN BULL while they were away.

If you have not yet registered, fill up the Forms on page 38 to-day. One registration covers husband, wife, home and children (over six and under fifteen).



Living Death

Fire! The cry rang through the night. I was but a child, fast asleep in a house that was burning like a furnace, while the crowds outside said it was suicide to even try to get in.

Suddenly a man and woman came running down the street and dashed into the house.

I was saved, but my parents, for it was they who rescued me when all seemed lost, have been doomed to a living death through injuries which terribly disfigured, and partially blinded, them.—Grateful, Doncaster.

Willing Exchange

One evening, when we were seated at the fireside, my father revealed to me the story of my birth.

My mother, who had been a hospital nurse, knew that the long-looked-for event was to be, in reality, a tragedy—one life had to be sacrificed. Secretly, she begged the doctor to save me, and after much hesitation he obeyed.

Thus, I owe my very existence to my mother's supreme sacrifice—her willing exchange of life.—Cymro, Glam.

Happy Family

My father owned a small farm in Cornwall, and although it was only with the greatest difficulty that things could be kept going, we were a happy family.

Then, when I was about fourteen, I had to have a serious operation, and to provide the fees for the specialist my father raised a mortgage on his property.

My period of convalescence was long and expensive. The payments on the mortgage couldn't be kept up, and eventually we had to move.

Leaving the old homestead broke my parents' hearts, and led, I am sure, to a premature death.—Cornubian, Truro.

Equal

My father was British born and he married a beautiful Eurasian girl; I was the result of their union. My parents had to experience the snubs and sneers of my father's own countrymen in India; I, too, was treated cruelly by British children, though my skin is quite white.

To save my growing up as a despised half-caste in India, my father threw up a good post and brought my mother and me to England.

Here we have found happiness because, in the slum wherein we live, there is no snobbery. All are poor, and in poverty all are equal.—Topsy, Woolwich.

Unselfish Desire

After my father's retirement my parents existed on a small pension and the income from two cottages, one of which I rented.

Imagine my feelings when, seven years later, I inherited the money I had been paying as rent for nearly ten years. My parents had paid the money into a special banking account.

Knowing as I now do the meagreness

NO SHAVEX NO SOAP REVOLUTION IN SHAVING BRUSH

Millions are now using SHAVEX all over the World. Beware of imitations.

THROW AWAY YOUR SOAP AND BRUSH AND USE THE UP-TO-DATE METHOD OF SHAVING

which takes a quarter of the time.

WE GUARANTEE THAT ONE CAN HAVE A PERFECT SHAVE IN TWO MINUTES WITH SHAVEX

SHAVEX is without doubt the most perfect way of shaving that man can desire. What is more simple than just wetting the beard and smearing on a little Shavex—and then a perfect shave? Shavex contains Almond Oil, which is a fine skin food for the face. You shave in a quarter of the time that is taken by any other method, and you rub the rest of the Shavex into the skin—this takes away the wrinkles, and keeps the face in perfect condition.

ASK YOUR CHEMIST WHEN ASKING FOR SHAVEX for a "Shavex" Super Blade. We guarantee it to be the longest lived blade in the world. It is a miracle of chemistry and the secret that one can use on the face. Made of Chrome Steel, and based on our secret process. Money back if disappointed, and postage. These marvelous SHAVEX Blades are now 2d. instead of 4d.

SHAVEX
is sold everywhere in
6d., 1/- & 1/6
TUBES &
1/6 POTS



JACK: Good heavens, man, aren't you ready yet? We are late already for dinner and may miss the speeches.

REG: It's no use. I can't go without a shave. I have not shaved for two days, my skin is too sore, and shaving soap only makes it worse.

JACK: Good lord, you don't use the old brush and soap method! Send out at once for a tube of Shavex and your skin will feel soothed and you will shave in a couple of minutes. You will feel as fresh as a daisy and your skin will feel like satin and all the soreness will disappear.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly and send with a 2d. stamp to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. R. 11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

DOGE CREAM THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles on the skin and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream, and does not dry up the skin, but restores the natural oils; it makes and keeps the skin really beautiful, and is a perfect base for powder. It keeps the skin supple, firm and youthful. If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night wrinkles will vanish as if a miracle had happened. We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

Per Pot . . . 1/-
Large Pot . . . 2/-
Large Tube . . . 9d.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.



A WELL-KNOWN ARTIST: By Joe, what a beautiful woman Margaret Duncan is—I must paint her for the Academy. But I shall never be able to put that perfect complexion in a painting.

HIS LADY FRIEND: Well, my dear Richard, that perfect complexion you see was absolutely dreadful six weeks ago, and she was in despair until I told her of Doge Face Cream Restorer, and now she is my Best Friend.

ARTIST: Well, my dear, you certainly have a beautiful complexion, but then you always have had a beautiful complexion.

LADY FRIEND: Yes, I have been using Doge Cream a long time.

ARTIST: You women can always find out a secret remedy for the complexion.

LADY FRIEND: Yes, but none like Doge Cream.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For Free Sample Tube of DOGE CREAM

For sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. 6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Woman's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY & PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revolution in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public. It is made of the purest oils.

This is the whole-sale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL

costs 4d. per lb.

ALMOND OIL

costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in a soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.



"You play divinely, my darling, but I am a little distracted gazing at your beauty—and your complexion is the most perfect I have ever seen. And what is this glorious perfume that you use?"

FIANCEE: "You flatter! I do not use any perfume. I use the most perfect soap that I have ever used in my life—it is called Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap, and it is only 6d. a tablet, instead of 2/6 as I paid for other soaps which were not so good, and the lovely perfume comes from the Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap. The Almond Oil keeps my face young and, as you say, beautiful. Everyone should try this beautiful soap, originally 1/- per tablet, now 6d."

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. Blended with the most exquisite perfumes. A L M O N D O I L has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND OIL Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-, Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health. Zee-Kol Pills together with the use of Zee-Kol Soap keep one perfectly slim and in perfect health. The skin will radiate health. The Zee-Kol Soap puts the natural oils after washing. Zee-Kol Pills are sold, price 1/3 and 3/- per box.

1/- LARGE TABLET 6d NOW

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores, or direct from
SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.
(Dept. S14),
40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, N.19.



ECZEMA.
"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARIKOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.
"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."

ABSCESS.
Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.
This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS.
The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

SKIN DISEASES

Disappear in a Night
WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

Many may promise a wonderful cure but there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

ZEE-KOL is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashers, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying some of the big Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin troubles will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hemorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

ZEE-KOL

The Wonder Skin Remedy
4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K.18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19. At all chemists: Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3, or a large tin 3/-.



BURNS.
Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.
Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.
"I always had Blackheads and Pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.
Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

LAST WEEKS X-WORD HOLIDAY PRIZES CASH INCREASED FOR THIS OFFER!

HUGE 3-IN-1 FIRST PRIZE

£6 MONTHLY FOR LIFE

plus £500 and

OR LUMP SUM OF £750

£150 HOLIDAY CASH
BETWEEN ALL
RUNNERS-UP

BONUS AWARD VALUE
£2

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS
To each reader of entry containing only one
less meritorious answer than Runners-up,
we shall forward a Special Surprise Award
to be given Wednesday, SEPT. 2

MILLIONAIRE'S
HOLIDAY
WEEK-END
FOR TWO

 Winner and companion will travel to
London or any seaside resort to enjoy a
pleasure week-end in exclusive luxury
at "John Bull's" expense...

ADDITIONAL
HOLIDAY BONUS OF
£100

 Between Cash Prize-
winners who have used
"Crossword Gazette"
Application Coupon on this
page to secure 6 weeks'
free supply, or arrange
similar extension of existing
reservation

PRESENTED on this page is the thirtieth of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Accuracy and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This Judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:-

The Editor of JOHN BULL;
Doctor Lancelotti Abercrombie, Litt.D., D.Lit., M.A.; and
Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., Oxford, D.Lit.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one entry square has completed the Puzzle, and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the Winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and Winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, September 3, 1936. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S free weekly "Crossword Gazette" obtainable as instructed on this page. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize will be allowed to one entrant upon one coupon.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

£100 BONUS COUPON

 (CAN ONLY BE ENCLOSED
WITH ENTRY FOR "JOHN
BULL" X-WORD No. 30)

 (Entitling sender to share of £100 Holiday Bonus with any cash prize won this week)
Please register me for a six weeks' supply of "Crossword Gazette" and "Bullets" Bulletin or extend my existing reservation for a further six weeks. I have affixed 3d. in stamps for postage.

(*Strike out which does not apply)

 If already registered
insert 'X'
here

 NAME.....
ADDRESS.....

 AFFIX
1d.
STAMP
HERE.

 QUARTY
UNITY
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LIPPER
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OATIS
DUE
LED
SUE
WIRAMS
ENDWIS
EEN
THEBASE
SHEET
STARE

J.B.27

X-WORD No. 27.

RESULT ON PAGE 37.

The most meritorious Answers used by competitors, decided according to aptness and accuracy by the Adjudication Committee, were these seen in the Square above.

One space is left blank to indicate that at this point competitors who gave DANCE or DUNCE were regarded as having submitted apt Answers of equal merit.

Reasons for Committee's findings in Crossword No. 27 will form the subject of a helpful feature for would-be winners in next week's "Crossword Gazette," which can be obtained by filling up the £100 Bonus Coupon on this page.

CLUES ACROSS

- Indefinite number in Somerset
- Many British actresses do so in Hollywood
- You shed these when you weep
- Sailor that's half Tartar
- Middle of July
- Colouring matter
- Look both ways before you do this
- Improvement of this may attract more to racetracks
- This part of ship is the stern
- Bit of ribbon in Brighton
- How Romeo ends
- Hard wood
- Swimmers get this under water
- Common to holes and swells
- Popular slang term in America
- Both ends of till
- New York, in short
- Half here and part reggae
- Tree's life-blood
- Scene always starts thus
- Put this down if pests are damaging your garden
- Light blow
- How system ends in temper
- They must obey the captain
- Take half a quart here
- It takes experience to run these safely
- Frequently cause of trouble at political meeting

CLUES DOWN

- Found on most big advertisement boardings
- Foot's middle
- Reliable one is always assisting pilot of big Channel plane
- Part of pier in danger
- Curiosity is evident in this
- Thank you in Tangiers
- Many are shocked by those of to-day
- It's not always wise to trust men who in this
- Face of one who's this is frequently drawn
- Rollers come over some kinds of this
- Telephone is held to this
- How fact ends in fiction
- Found twice in ornary
- Knowing when to do this saves you money
- The typists in modern ones are smartly dressed
- These are wriggly fish
- Always make sure this is a good one before accepting it
- Nearly all in canal
- Locket with no lock
- You walk in and out through these
- Take food
- Pilot steers ship clear of this
- Double of pa
- Little one needs daily attention
- Finishes late in temper
- Used to fasten papers together
- Always starts mischievous
- Extremities of whip
- Half sunk in tanks

COPY SQUARES

 These minute
reproductions
of this week's
puzzle are
only to be
used for
keeping
copies of
your solu-
tions and are
not accepted
as entries.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

 S 2 3 4 5 6 7 A
8 T A 9 10 R
11 L 12 Y 13 14 R 15 S
16 T 17 E 18 F 19 E 20
21 22
23 E 24 K 25 26 P
27 EL 28 B 29 M 30
31 NY 32 33 S 34 35 36
37 O 38 39 40
41 E 42 43 44 45 46 T
47 R 48 KS 49 P 50 NK

J.B.30

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41 E 42 43 44 45 46 T
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41 E 42 43 44 45 46 T
47 R 48 KS 49 P 50 NK

J.B.30

 ADDRESS ENTRY
CROSSWORD NO. 30.
"JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE,
LONDON, W.C.2 (Conts.).

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 30. Closing FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1936.

 S 2 3 4 5 6 7 A
8 T A 9 10 R
11 L 12 Y 13 14 R 15 S
16 T 17 E 18 F 19 E 20
21 22
23 E 24 K 25 26 P
27 EL 28 B 29 M 30
31 NY 32 33 S 34 35 36
37 O 38 39 40
41 E 42 43 44 45 46 T
47 R 48 KS 49 P 50 NK

J.B.30

 In entering this Competition, I agree
to abide by the rules and conditions
as final in all matters and I enclose

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6d.

P.O. value..... No.....

CUT AROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 30. Closing FRIDAY, AUGUST 21, 1936.

 S 2 3 4 5 6 7 A
8 T A 9 10 R
11 L 12 Y 13 14 R 15 S
16 T 17 E 18 F 19 E 20
21 22
23 E 24 K 25 26 P
27 EL 28 B 29 M 30
31 NY 32 33 S 34 35 36
37 O 38 39 40
41 E 42 43 44 45 46 T
47 R 48 KS 49 P 50 NK

J.B.30

 In entering this Competition, I agree
to abide by the rules and conditions
as final in all matters and I enclose

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1s.

P.O. value..... No.....

 SIGNED.....
ADDRESS.....

 SIGNED.....
ADDRESS.....

If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.



J. D. (Brighton)—
"The crowd is popular
among swimmers here."
We know those sharp
bits of shingle!

THE EDITOR LAUGHS LAST



"I've got to get in trim—my Ma's
making me wear that suit for school
to-morrow!"
From "The Passing Show"

GLADYS (Birmingham).—"How do you like steamer cruises?" First class!

P. C. (Dorking).—"Rats betrayed the burglars' hiding place." Did they squeak?

CRICKETER (Birmingham).—"I put up a lovely century on Saturday." Were you in charge of the score board?

P. B. (Epsom).—"Darts is a most absorbing game." The more you win the more you absorb.

FILM FAN (Woolwich).—"Shirley is easily the world's most famous screen artist." The Temple of fame.

R. A. (Chelsea).—"A Surrealist painter says that his first inspiration came from seeing a dead donkey." Silly ass!

B. M. H. (Carshalton).—"With a stick I pushed the blazing lamp through the window into the garden." You put it out.

M. S. (Brixton).—"No man succeeds in a crooked business." Unless he is a cork-screw manufacturer!

DEERTALKER (Perthshire).—"Stags often hold lengthy conversations with one another." Hart to hart talks!

RIFLEMAN (Bisley).—"I am going to try my hand at writing a booklet to develop skill in musketry." You are going to have a shot at it.

GUARDSMAN (Chelsea).—"I simply detest nursemaids staring at me when I am on sentry duty." You much prefer a shy glance when you are off?

S. C. (London, W.).—"Can you imagine any fellow feeling more rotten than the one who cribs during the examination?" Yes, the one caught doing it.

MANICURIST (Bond Street).—"Some of my customers think they know my work better than I do." Naturally, they have your job at their finger-tips.

A. P. (Welwyn).—"The true climber never admits defeat." Still, when he comes to the foot of a mountain he must sometimes realise that it's all up.

DEPORTMENT (Chester).—"Some people know instinctively the correct thing to do with their hands." Alas, we've played against them at bridge.

B. S. T. (Lewisham).—"I employed a gardener to plant my garden, but when I went to see how he was progressing found him sound asleep in the shed." He was truly busy bedding out.

G. F. (Clacton).—"Is it true that raspberry squash is cheap and easy to make?" Yes, one simply pays for the stamps as the parcel is handed over the post office counter.

TOBY (Bromley).—"Nothing delights me more than to have a pal drop in unexpectedly for a yarn, supper and a game of snooker." To take pot-luck, so to speak.

A. E. B. (Orpington).—"Although I was stiff after my defeat in the mile, I objected to my trainer bringing along some embrocation." You didn't want it rubbed in.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-slips."

THE SHEPTON MALLS JOURNAL:—"A special prelude for the wedding, was played as the GUSTS arrived at the church."

NORTH EASTERN DAILY GAZETTE:—"... when the Fascist meeting was broken up, the police saw a number of blackshirts threading their way through the crowd."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"... stealing golf clubs and several other articles from a motor-car."

SUSSEX DAILY NEWS:—"... was fined for not having an INEFFICIENT silencer..."

THE ILKESTON ADVERTISER:—"The attractions included bowling at the cricket..."

EVENING ARGUS:—"... Sussex having occupied an hour in compiling 40 minutes."

ANGLER (Hly).—"I often dream about my big catches." As you lie in bed?

SIXTY (Workso).—"Though a heavy smoker, there were fifteen years when I abstained altogether." The first fifteen?

B. J. C. (Acton).—"Name me anything more painful than sitting in a dentist's waiting-room." Sitting in his chair.

N. R. (Nottingham).—"Women don't tell their husbands everything." A man can't listen twenty-four hours a day.

MORRIS (Highbridge).—"A crying child usually denotes that he is suffering from a bad temper." Whose? His or his parents'?

B. G. (Selby).—"When I stay at a hotel I like a room at the front, but my wife insists on taking a back one." Well, a woman generally takes the opposite view.

N. L. (Cambridge).—"My new garden roller weighs only 14 lb." A rolling stone!

PAR (Dublin).—"It must be nice to be able to write for money." Yes, but to whom?

H. E. M. (Bury).—"The average schoolboy won't listen to flattery." You mean he doesn't like soft soap.

C. P. (Hampstead).—"A driver should never bully his car." But at the same time it is necessary that his tyres should have the wind up.

ENGINEER (Wolverhampton).—"Of all the jobs I know, I think that of wire-drawing the most monotonous." It is too long-drawn-out for you?

COCKNEY (Bow).—"There is something romantic and moving about the lights in Trafalgar Square." Especially the green traffic lights.

JANE (Manchester).—"I am engaged to a mattress maker who never keeps me waiting for him." Is he always ready in a couple of ticks?

T. P. (Laindon).—"Not wanting to arouse suspicion, the man posed as an official so that he could stand near the bag of money." And he got away with it?

LISTENER-IN (Luton).—"I took my accumulator to the wireless shop because it was run down, and what do you think they charged?" The accumulator.

C. R. S. (Worcester).—"I shan't be satisfied until I've done the ceiling, for the paper is partly off now." It's hanging over you.

R. W. (Glencairn).—"I couldn't refuse to play a round of golf with him after he had fetched me in his car." You were just driven to it.

P. A. (Dorking).—"I have noticed that the writing of people who are always mixing cocktails is very poorly formed." Just shaky, that's all.

T. H. (Leeds).—"The most important thing to have when starting a village shop is a wide variety of goods." Customers are also a help.

B. S. (Enfield).—"I went into the cricket ground on my friend's ticket, and I am sure you can't guess where he was." Outside the ground looking for his ticket?

HORSE-LOVER (Newmarket).—"Would you rather own a staid, well-trained mare or a prancing, highly-strung colt?" Well, with the latter, we'd certainly be better off.

MISS P. M. (Stroud).—"The worst thing about holidays is the week or two after them." But suppose you came back to enjoy a 20s. Weekly Life Pension and knew that for the rest of your years JOHN BULL would provide you with a £10 Annual Holiday Cheque! Turn to page 39 and win both!

SCIENTIST (Oxford).—"It is only a matter of time before every criminal will be put under arrest as soon as he has committed a crime." Then it will only be a matter of time.

S. H. (Yorkshire).—"Our town has lost its oldest inhabitant." It should console itself with the thought that it must be the only town in the world that hasn't got an oldest inhabitant.

A. M. (Hampstead).—"The tumbler missed him and shattered against the wall." The obvious moral to this is that people who live in stone houses shouldn't throw glass.

F. T. (Aldershot).—"I hear that a retired colonel has invented a machine for drilling soldiers." No doubt he is now waiting for some squad to fall in with his idea.

J. S. (Manchester).—"Slaters who camped on a roof for two days in a strike for more pay failed to get their employers to agree." They had to climb down in the end.

FRED T. (Warwick).—"At a recent meeting a lecturer declared that one's ears are equally as important as one's nose." The man who said that he could not see it is believed to be a manufacturer of pince-nez.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Size 14 1/2 x 19 x 9 1/2 in.
This world-challenging offer of a fully equipped low-consumption 3-valve Battery Radio Outfit removes every obstacle standing in the way of your installing a first-class set. For only 5/- per month (which is 2d. a day) you can easily afford this self-contained highly efficient trouble-free Wireless Set.

OWN YOUR OWN RADIO

THE GRAVES S.S. RADIO enables you to enjoy all the pleasure & interest of up-to-date Wireless for many years at a remarkably low cost of upkeep. Specially built for economical working, yet maintaining high efficiency and faithful reproduction. All components are of tested reliability, including Steel Chassis, Radio Frequency Coils with Iron Cores, British Valves, Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker, reliable 3-volt Accumulator, Long-life B.T. Battery, Full Volume Tuning Dial, Cabinet finished in two shades of Walnut, as illustrated. Complete in all respects including Aerial and Earth equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid. **24.17.6**

Easy Payments: 5/- Monthly.

IT IS HIGHLY IMPORTANT you should understand that nothing is added to the price for the convenience of easy payments. The price quoted is all you have to pay.

Mr. G. F. of Bethnal Green, writes:—"Received Wireless Set in perfect condition and I must say it is a wonderful set for the money. My sister heard it, and said for one the same day, which she has now received and thinks wonderful. My father has got a Wireless Set that he had from you 3 years ago, and it is still in good working order, with the same valves you sent with the set."

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE and full specification of this and other sets for Batteries or Mains, including Super Hets.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

NO MORE GREY HAIR



Grey hair makes you look older than you are. Restore the natural colour of youth by using Valantine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. Harmless, lasting, does not soil the skin. SAFE AND SURE. Suitable for men or women. Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 & 6/- per bottle; or post free from J. B. Valantine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN
BRITISH GINGER EXTRACT

7 BIG CHEQUES WON in CROSSWORD No. 27

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 27, the Adjudication Committee decided that the most meritorious answers on one square (see page 36) were those submitted by the following seven competitors, who share the £750 offered as First Prize:—

A. Cockerill, 5, Beeby's Yard, Cotton End, Northampton.

Mrs. E. M. Evans, Bryn Villa, Tonteg, Pontypridd.

G. H. Saxton, 3, Elm Grove, Sale.

M. J. Scott, Homecroft, Chapel Lane, W. Bergholt, Essex.

E. J. Smith, 59, Margaret Street, Oxford Circus, London, W.

H. Wigg, 14, Belsize Lane, Hampstead, N.W.

Miss E. M. Wood, 66, Gallewood Road, Chelmsford.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £107 ss. 11d. will be sent to each.

Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, August 18, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No Scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £150 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 195 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate answer compared with the best Squares received. These winners will each receive 15s. 3d. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified. A Bonus Award value £3 will be sent to each Runner-up from whom "John Bull" received two sixpenny entries in same envelope.

A Surprise Award for each of 1,324 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious answer, will be posted this week.



Mrs. Ellen Newman, of 64, Wotton Lodge Road, Erdington, Birmingham, was peeling potatoes for the family dinner when the knife suddenly slipped and cut her thumb. It was only "a mere scratch"—and she continued with her work without bothering to put anything on it. A few days later blood-poisoning developed, from which, in spite of every attention, she died. Here, again, is an instance of how an apparently harmless mishap can so easily lead to tragedy.

As the late Mrs. Newman was a registered reader of JOHN BULL a cheque for £50, the Benefit provided under the Fatal Home Accidents Section of JOHN BULL's Great Free Family Insurance Gift, has been promptly sent.

£732 19s. PAID TO REGISTERED READERS LAST WEEK

During the past week JOHN BULL has distributed no less than £732 19s. to registered readers or their dependents, as follows:—

Household and Sickness Benefits ..	£280 9 0
Accident Benefits—Adults ..	131 10 0
Accident Benefits—Children ..	321 0 0

JOHN BULL provides benefits for accidents in the home and garden, on the sports field, while boating or bathing, loss by burglary, children's accidents, etc., etc. JOHN BULL is the ONLY PAPER IN THE WORLD to safeguard those precious possessions which mean Home against loss by FIRE, STORM and TEMPEST. Similarly the SICKNESS BENEFIT which it provides is unique in newspaper Free Insurance.

If you have not yet registered, fill in the forms below at once. One registration covers husband, wife, home and children (over six and under fifteen).

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 15/8/36

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department,
128, Long Acre, London, W.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature.....

Age.....

Address.....

Name and Address.....
of Newsagent.

Date.....

Use J.B. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if J.B. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.
PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 15/8/36

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGHTS

Quick Relief and Comfort.

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Incontinence, Constipation, Gall Stones, with associated Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant getting up at night are quickly relieved by the bloodless surgery of the Shadforth "Bladder Comforter." Immediately, all day and all night, painlessly, secretly, and without the loss of one drop of blood or one hour of employment, they get to work. They cleanse, cool and heal. They move what is harmful. You are restored. Don't worry. Shadforth will give you prompt relief.

Ask for Shadforth Prescription No. 285.
Prices: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 12/6 (300).
Privately packed and post free at these prices from
Shadforth Prescription Service Ltd.,
(Dept. A.B. 55), 49, KING WILLIAM STREET,
LONDON BRIDGE, E.C.4, and Branches.

SKIN DISEASES

New Blood Treatment.

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose veins and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world...."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BRADSHAW,

30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! While you think of it. This offer is too good to be missed!

THE NEW ERA TREATMENT COMPANY, LTD.
(Dept. 15D), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER



'JOHN BULL' PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6, plus 3d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" ad-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 3d. postage and insurance. State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra. Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

3



FORTUNE won during HOLIDAY!

Tour and £500 for a Smile

TO win a £500 fortune and 2,500-mile European Holiday Tour with a Bullet made when on holiday has just been the thrilling experience of young Mr. J. P. Brandon, a boot and shoe salesman in the Co-operative Stores, Ryhope, near Sunderland.

Above you see him telling me all about it, writes the Bullets Special Representative, when I called with congratulations at his home at No. 1, Railway Cottages, Grangetown, Sunderland.

He is a serious young man, this competitor of 25 who made up the neat and hilarious First Prize Bullet, WHEN DAD WENT CYCLING—BOUND FAR—FOUND BAR! But there was a twinkle in his eye when he told me the effort was fiction and not fact.

"Humorous efforts seem to be my strong point," he observed, "for as recently as in Bullets No. 1,032 I won £7—also with a joke about Father!"

"I realise that a funny Bullet generally needs an extra touch of phrasing to reach the prize-list. In the case of my First Prize effort, the Example suggested the words 'Bound Far' to my mind. Then I did what I always do—tried reversing the initial letters—and there was my Spoonerism. That was only one of the hints I got from Bullets Bulletin."

Teetotaler, non-smoker, swimmer, cyclist and keen "Bulleter" for several years past, Mr. Brandon told me how the enthusiasm of a friend led to his taking up the Competition.

It was actually whilst on a cycling holiday in Wales this summer that this young First Prize-winner made up his winning effort. Accordingly, since he will not be due for further holidays until next year, arrangements have been made for the European Tour which goes with his £500 to be taken in the summer of 1937.

Family co-operation was responsible for this Contest's £50 Second Prize being captured by Miss G. Ottaway, 18a, Bawtree Road, New

Cross, London, S.E. It was in partnership with her brother, Mr. J. Ottaway, you see, that she produced the neat and touching Bullet, IN THE SICK-ROOM—SONNY'S "BATTLING"—"SOLDIERS" INLE.

"For some time my sister and I have collaborated in what we consider to be the King of Competitions," Mr. Ottaway told JOHN BULL. "We criticise each other's efforts and, of several we constructed for this Contest, the successful line was one of four she selected for entry."

Unlike the First Prize-winner's, the successful Bullet which Mr. Ottaway entered in his sister's name was based directly on family experience.

"For over four years," he explained, "the doctor has been in constant attendance on my mother and sister. And my young nephew being at present in hospital, my thoughts on this Example turned also to Sonny."

"In my mind's eye I saw a sick-room," he continued, "with a mother anxiously awaiting the doctor's verdict and Sonny's soldiers strewn on the floor as he left them."

"My interest in Bullets dates back to 1914," this railway clerk continued, "when my parents used to enter. Between us my sister and I must have won about 100 awards, including Turkeys and Hampers, but we had never before won a cash prize larger than 5s."

"Make up a clear mental picture of some situation for each of your Bullets," was this successful entrant's advice to his fellow competitors.

"But," he added, "you must trust in the judges and keep trying."

MAKE THEIR GUIDE YOURS!

Both the big winners whose stories appear on this page paid enthusiastic tributes to the invaluable guidance of Bullets Bulletin.

"I have taken it regularly for years and found it a great help," were Mr. J. P. Brandon's words. "My sister and I would feel lost without the 'Bulletin,'" was what Mr. J. Ottaway said.

A regular supply of Bullets Bulletin will cost you only its 4d. weekly postage. Your reservation Coupon is waiting on opposite page—use it and secure the free aid which has brought big success to scores of "Bulleterers."

The huge Double Pension reward of 20s. Weekly for Life and a £10 Annual Holiday Cheque is waiting for some entrant in this last great Bullets Holiday Offer of 1936. Enter some bright word pictures by Saturday, August 22, and this giant 2-in-1 First Prize may well shower its blessings on you and yours.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,037.

First Prize, £500 and Trip in R.M.S. "Queen Mary" for Two.

V. WHEATON, 69, North Way, Lewes, Sussex.

Example: WHAT THE SPORTSMAN SAID

Bullet: "THERE'S TO-DAY—THERE'S TO-MORROW!"

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £50:

Mrs. E. L. CALVERT, Smith, Yorks.

Example: Big Family

Bullet: Road Users—Be "Family"!

THIRD PRIZE, £25:

J. CLARKE, 13, Glebe Road, Kilmarnock.

Example: At The Olympic Games.

Bullet: "Army" Of The "Fleet."

OTHER PRIZES:

£20: Mrs. L. BONHAM, 67, Wellington Street, Kettering, Northants.

In The Running—Seas, Lifeboat Racing "Ferry."

£18: J. SWAN, "Holly Lodge," 9, Church Road, Leyton.

Approaching A Crisis—Nothing's Yet "Approached." Mankind.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£16: S. FAIRLEY, 97, Chirnside Road, Glasgow.

Too Many Girls—Brought Him "Bracelets."

£14: D. MACCORMACK, 53, Church Street, Dundee.

Coming Out—Whole—Leave Hospital Bit!

£12: W. MARSHALL, 25, Blacker Street, Burnley.

Out Of The Picture—Bull—Spain's "Seeing Red."

£10: Miss L. TITMUS, 1, Harvey Road, Leytonstone.

Unequal Struggle—Henry Wages—"Wages, Henry!"

£9: S. S. PARFITT, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash, Glam.

Geneva's Mistake—Costly—It's Lost "Key."

£8: C. F. NOLAN, 27, Leinster Road, W. Dublin.

Approaching A Crisis—Dad's Marrows "Cross Frontier."

£7: Mrs. I. W. FITZGERALD, "Rhoslyn," Dunvant, Swansea, Glam.

Like A Donkey—Belaboured Across "Quicksands," Humanity.

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

£6: P. WAKEFIELD, 51, Brixham Crescent, Ruislip Manor, Middx.

Head Of The Firm—Mother—"Juniors" Overwork Her.

SIX of £5 each:

Mrs. L. M. GIBB, 151, Winter Road, Southsea.

No Judge—When Specialist "Sentenced" Grandfather.

A. E. LANDRY, 12, Graig Terrace, Swansea.

Father's Beans—Want "Support"—They're French!

A. NICHOLLS, Corra, Whitechurch, Shropshire.

If He Gets On—Dad's Lucky—Usually Thrown!

F. W. POLLARD, 2, Redvers Road, Exeter.

Quiet Evening—Mine—"Patrolling" Scented "Border."

L. A. SPRACKLEN, 8, Damers Road, Dorchester.

Out Of The Picture—She "Wouldn't Be Squeezed."

(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

G. W. STEPHENSON, 593, London Road, West-cliff.

Made The Night Hideous—Bombers. Drowning Sonny's Prayers

A list of 10 £4, 10 £3, 12 £2 10s. and 500 1s. winners may be seen at these offices.

INCREASED PAY
DOUBLE
PENSION

WIN

20! WEEKLY
FOR
LIFE

£10 HOLIDAY
CHEQUE
YEARLY
Commencing
1936



BULLETS IN PRIZE... HEADING FINAL GIANT ONE-WEEK HOLIDAY OFFER!

Hurry for 'Bullets' Last Giant Holiday Offer

To close this summer's sensational series of Holiday prize-lists with a suitable celebration, JOHN BULL offers to-day a final shower of Seaside Cheques and Bonuses to a total value of over £1,300. This huge last Holiday Offer of 1936 appears in these pages for only one week, however, so you must act promptly if you want that fine Double Pension First or one of the 99 splendid supporting Seaside Cheques.

A few days after the Closing Date of this Contest, a telegraph boy will deliver a golden Joy Wire to some competitor. Inside its gay envelope will be JOHN BULL'S congratulations on winning that magnificent 2-in-1 First Prize—and there is no reason why that thrilling message should not be addressed to you.

Yes, a weekly payment of 20s. for the rest of your life and a £10 Annual Holiday Life Pension can be yours—in exchange for a few simple words on a coupon cut from this page! Simple instructions and 36 attractive Examples await you, so make a start now and wade in to win a glorious Holiday at JOHN BULL'S expense.

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"

READ slowly through the Examples provided and note down all the rough ideas which occur to you as you turn each one over in your mind. You have now to develop these first thoughts into Bullets by polishing their phrasing into winning style. Your finished efforts, remember, must each consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely linked with the chosen Example.

Suppose, for instance, you were considering the Example **GOOD WORKMAN**. Your first jotting might be *Praise From Employer Encourages*, which you could readily improve to the typical Bullet, **GOOD WORKMAN—"GOOD WORK, MAN!" IMPROVES.**

There is nothing beyond you in making Bullets, you see. Half an hour's careful juggling with words and one of this week's 100 last fine Holiday Prizes may well arrive for you.

Before you start, examine closely the winning efforts in our 1,007th Contest which appear on the opposite page. Then, with these winning styles fresh in your mind, go ahead with your own efforts.

Remember, this is your last opportunity to prove a big winner in Bullets great 1936 Holiday Campaign and your entry must reach the judges by Saturday, August 22.

FOR FREE COMPETITION AID

Enclose this Coupon

WITH YOUR "BULLETS" OR
CROSSWORD ENTRY

Please register me for six weeks' free supply of "Bullets Bullets" and "Crossword Gazette." I have affixed 3d. in stamps to this coupon for postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

Affix
1½d. stamp
here

Affix
1½d. stamp
here

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

TO CURE OUR ILLS
IN BRITAIN'S HANDS
HOUSE WE WANT
FOOLISH PLAN
CLERK OF THE WEATHER
MADE THE BOSS SMILE
GOOD WORKMAN
DOING EVERYTHING
GINGERLY
IN THE RUSH HOUR
PUTTING THE BRAKE ON
A DEATH-TRAP

GLASS OF BEER
THAT LITTLE EXTRA
TRIPLING
TO PAY THE RENT
OUT OF JOINT
CUT THE GACKLE AND
WHEN SONNY PLAYED
LOUDER AND LOUDER
SNAPS
TAKEN BY SURPRISE
PROUD AS A PEACOCK
KILLING TWO BIRDS

FINE COLLECTION
PITIFUL
ALWAYS GRUMBLING
FARMERS SAY
TO GOVERN
LIKE A LOST CHILD
UPSET
HE'S HER FATHER, SO
IN TRAINING
WISE PRECAUTION
TIME TO THINK
WATCHING THE SUNSET

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O.

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,041)

P.O.

No.

Signed

Closing
SAT.
Aug. 22.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,041)

P.O.

No.

Signed

Closing
SAT.
Aug. 22.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,041)

P.O.

No.

Signed

Closing
SAT.
Aug. 22.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,041)

P.O.

No.

Signed

Closing
SAT.
Aug. 22.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.

Address

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

(1,041)

P.O.

No.

Signed

Closing
SAT.
Aug. 22.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 3s. 6d.

Address

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for 2s. 2s. and 1s. respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,041 usually purchase "John Bull."

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,036 will be displayed in the window of Mr. Ford, Albany Terrace, Grangemouth, Sunderland.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,041, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

£50 £25 Last 99 FINE SEASIDE CHEQUES

£20 £15

£10 £9

£8 £7 £6 £5

99'-98'-97'-96'-95'-94'-
93'-92'-91'-90'-89'-88'-
87'-86'-85'-84'-83'-82'-
81'-80'-79'-78'-77'-76'-
75'-74'-73'-72'-71'-70'-
69'-68'-67'-66'-65'-64'-
63'-62'-61'-60'-59'-58'-
57'-56'-55'-54'-53'-52'-
51'-50'-49'-48'-47'-46'-
45'-44'-43'-42'-41'-40'-
39'-38'-37'-36'-35'-34'-
33'-32'-31'-30'-29'-28'-
27'-26'-25'-24'-23'-22'-
21'-20'-19'-18'-17'-16'-
15'-14'-13'-12'-11'-10'-
9'-8'-7'-6'-5'-4'-3'-2'-1'-

500 of 2'6" 3,000 "DOUBLE-STAR TARGETS" 5,000 "STAR TARGETS"

ADDITIONAL BONUS VALUE OVER £250

To every winner of £2 or over this week from whom "John Bull" receives two or more paid or prize coupons for this week's Holiday Offer, an additional Bonus Award value over £2 10s. will be presented.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter or dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible to compete.

LONDON BUS DRIVER

PRAISES

Yeast-Vite



IN 10 MINUTES
MY
HEADACHE WAS GONE
MY
NERVES WERE STEADY

"You're looking pretty rough . . . why don't you take 'YEAST-VITE'?"

It was a friend indeed who gave Bus-driver Blossom this good advice. He was feeling "pretty rough." He had a Headache, he was feeling Rundown and "Old"! He had violent attacks of Indigestion and his Nerves were getting ragged! He had tried many things to restore his health but without any real benefit. Then along came this Good Samaritan, who said,

"Why don't you try 'YEAST-VITE'?"

Mr. Blossom wisely heeded this good advice. He took 'YEAST-VITE' AT ONCE and in TEN MINUTES his Headache had miraculously vanished, his NERVES were marvellously steadied, he felt FRESHER than when he started the day.

The World's Wonder Tonic had triumphed again!!!

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS	Glorious Relief	In 5/15 MIN.
HEADACHES	Deliverance	In 5/15 MIN.
LASSITUDE	Vim and Vigour	In 10/20 MIN.
DEPRESSION	Buoyant Energy	In 10/20 MIN.
"NERVES"	Steadiness	In 10/20 MIN.
INDIGESTION	Keen Appetite	In 15/30 MIN.
EXHAUSTION	Animation	In 15/30 MIN.
SLEEPLESSNESS	Calm Repose	In 30/60 MIN.
RHEUMATISM	Pain Relief	In 24 HOURS.
CONSTIPATION	Regularity	In 36 HOURS.
IMPURE BLOOD	Purification	In 36 HOURS.



WOMEN
 Need YEAST-VITE too

NO CURE NO PAY!

OUR OFFER

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk; and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE" return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase and your money will be refunded in full.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

YEAST-VITE is the World's Wonder Tonic. To suffering men and women of all ages it is bringing its "miracle" of Quick Relief and Lasting Health!

To the **MENTAL WORKER**, who depends upon the alertness of his brain, as also to the **MANUAL WORKER**, who depends upon the strength of his muscles, YEAST-VITE is equally as valuable.

To the **WIFE AND MOTHER**, whose sphere of action is in the home, as well as the **WORKING GIRL**, whose activities lie in factory or office, YEAST-VITE proves a priceless boon.

By virtue of its principle of **TRIPLE BENEFIT** it provides to the jaded system **PAIN ALLEVIATION, TONIC STIMULATION and VITAMIN NUTRITION**. YEAST-VITE makes you feel BETTER in a FEW MINUTES, GIVES YOU THE POWER to carry on IMMEDIATELY and sets to work to NOURISH your SYSTEM back to Health! By supplying to your body those vital elements which are the very basis and bedrock of health, it quickly brings back the wonderful Joy of Life.

Earlsfield, S.W.18.

Dear Sirs,

A deep sense of gratitude compels me to write, and tell you how valuable YEAST-VITE has been to me. I do not know what I should have done without your World-Famous Tonic. Being now aged 45, I felt myself growing old and feeling really run-down. I had violent attacks of Indigestion and my "nerves" were getting very ragged.

My job as a London Bus Driver is one of great responsibility, and as every motorist knows, driving about the London streets is very nerve-racking. I knew I needed a tonic quickly and tried many without any real benefit. Then one day, having a bad headache and feeling very groggy at the end of one journey, a pal said to me, "You're looking pretty rough . . . why don't you try YEAST-VITE?"

I got some at once. In ten minutes my headache was gone . . . my nerves were steady and I felt fresher than when I started the day. Since then I have taken a regular course of 'YEAST-VITE,' with the result that my health is 100 per cent. better, my Indigestion has gone and I feel 10 years younger!

I am never without YEAST-VITE in my pocket. I find a tablet now and again keeps my nerves steady, my stomach sound, my vitality up to the mark, and my mental powers alert and keen.

I confidently recommend YEAST-VITE to all who are in need of a quick and lasting Tonic. There is nothing else in the World as good, I am convinced.

Yours sincerely,

F. C. Blossom.